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NO. 69
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MYSTERY IN SPACE
STILL 10¢
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ADAM STRANGE in
"MENACE of the AQUA-RAY WEAPON!"
THAT FANTASTIC WEAPON--CHANGING ME INTO A PUDDLE OF WATER!

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ADAM STRANGE

EARTH-ARCHEOLOGIST **ADAM STRANGE** HAS DISCOVERED THE AMAZING TELEPORTATIONAL POWER OF THE **ZETA-BEAM**, SENT TO EARTH FROM THE PLANET **RANN** OF THE STAR-SUN **ALPHA CENTAURI**--AND RIDES IT ACROSS **25** TRILLION MILES OF SPACE EVERY SO OFTEN--TO SHARE DANGERS AND ADVENTURES ON THE HOME PLANET OF THE GIRL HE LOVES, **ALANNA!** EVERY TIME HE ARRIVES THERE, TROUBLE WAITS FOR HIM! NOR IS THIS TIME AN EXCEPTION, AS HE HIMSELF FALLS VICTIM TO THE...

MENACE OF THE AQUA-RAY WEAPON!

NOT EVEN THE GREAT ADAM STRANGE COULD SAVE RANN FROM OUR ATTACK! VICTORY IS OURS!
ENCASED IN SOLID ICE! HOW CAN I POSSIBLY DO ANYTHING TO FREE MYSELF...AND MY FELLOW ICE-PRISONERS?

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HOVERING ABOVE THE GLITTERING EXPANSE OF AN ANTARCTIC SNOW-FIELD IS THE SCARLET FIGURE OF ADAM STRANGE...
THE ZETA-BEAM FROM THE PLANET RANN IS DUE TO STRIKE ANY MOMENT AND--HELLO! FIRST LIVING CREATURE I'VE SEEN DOWN HERE--A DOG!
BELOW HIM THE RUMBLE OF FALLING ICE AND SNOW BREAKS THE STILLNESS AS...
THE DOG MUST BE ATTACHED TO THE UNITED STATES METEOR-OLOGICAL RESEARCH BASE--ONHH! A SNOW AVALANCHE--ABOUT TO BURY THE DOG! GOT TO SAVE IT, EVEN AS I START MY COUNT-DOWN! NINE--EIGHT...
LUCKILY IT'S ON A DIRECT LINE WITH THE ZETA-BEAM! I'LL GRAB THE HUSKY AND--THREE--TWO--ONE...
AT ZERO, THE ZETA-BEAM STRIKES BOTH MAN AND DOG! AND SO ADAM STRANGE IS INSTANTLY TELEPORTED 25 TRILLION MILES ACROSS SPACE TO THE PLANET RANN OF THE STAR-SUN ALPHA CENTAURI--WITH A CANINE COMPANION!
AS THE GROUND OF RANN SETTLES UNDER HIS FEET...
ALANNA? WHERE--WHERE ARE YOU? YOU'RE ALWAYS HERE TO MEET ME--
I AM HERE, ADAM DEAR! JUST--LOOK DOWN!
YES, ADAM--HERE ON THE GROUND! THIS PUDDLE OF WATER IS ME, ALANNA!
WHA-WHAT HAPPENED? I HEAR YOUR THOUGHTS--AND YET--
2

I KNOW... IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE... BUT I'M ABLE TO TELEPATH MY THOUGHTS--**IN THIS SHAPE!** NO NEED FOR YOU TO SPEAK, THOUGH! I CAN'T HEAR YOUR VOICE, ONLY YOUR THOUGHTS!

WHAT TERRIBLE DISASTER HAPPENED TO TURN YOU INTO-- **WATER?**

IT ALL STARTED MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, WHEN **RANN** WAS INHABITED BY TWO DIFFERENT HUMAN BEINGS-- THE WHITE-RACE AND THE BLUE-SKINNED ALIENS WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE **KIRRI!** FOR CENTURIES WAR WENT ON BETWEEN THEM...

"UNTIL IN A LAST DESPERATE BATTLE, THE HUMANS OF **RANN** WIPED OUT THE REMNANTS OF THE SAVAGE **KIRRI**..."

NO SIGN OF ANY **KIRRI!** THE LAST OF THEM IS GONE!

"OR **SO** WE THOUGHT! FOR SEVERAL DAYS AGO A FEW **KIRRI** EMERGED FROM THE VAST ICE CAVERNS WHERE THEY'D BEEN SECRETLY HIDING FOR AGES, EQUIPPED WITH A FANTASTIC NEW WEAPON..."

MANY GENERATIONS OF OUR PEOPLE HAVE WORKED ON THE **AQUA-RAY** WEAPON! NOW THAT IT IS PERFECTED WE CAN VENTURE FORTH TO COMPLETE OUR CONQUEST OF **RANN!**

"FROM FAR OFF, ITS AWESOME BEAMS-- WHICH COULD OUT-SHOOT EVEN OUR MIGHTIEST WEAPONS-- ATTACKED CITY AFTER CITY..."

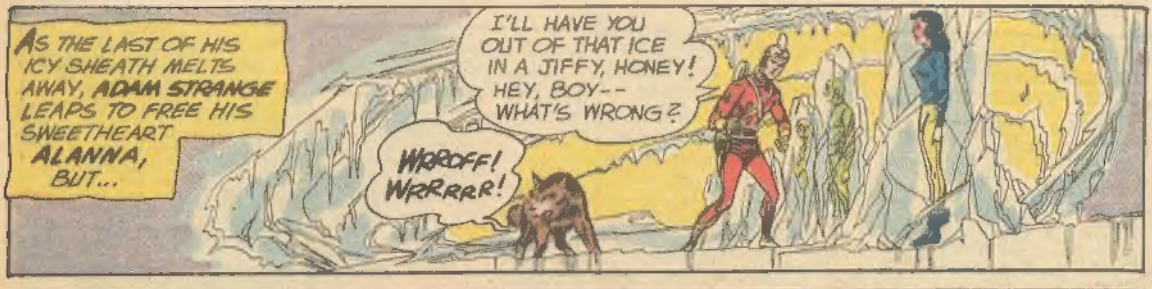
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US?

WE'RE ALL TURNING-- TO **WATER!**

"ONE BY ONE THE CITIES BETWEEN RANAGAR AND THE POLAR ICE CAVES WERE OVERCOME! THEN IT WAS OUR TURN..."
WHENEVER THE AQUA-RAY TOUCHES A LIVING PERSON, IT--AND EVERYTHING IN CONTACT WITH HIM--CHANGES HIM INTO WATER!
AS SHE FINISHES HER NARRATIVE, ALANNA CRIES OUT MENTALLY...
WHAT?
ADAM! LOOK OUT--THE GREEN RAY--HITTING YOU!
RISING SWIFTLY, THE EARTHMAN WHIRLS, HAND DARTING FOR HIS RAYGUN...
ONE OF THE KIRRI! GOT TO BLAST HIM BEFORE--
BUT BEFORE ADAM CAN FIRE HIS GUN...
MY GUN--MY CLOTHES--MY BODY--ALL TURNING TO WATER BEFORE THAT AQUA-RAY!
MOMENTS LATER, STROGIR TRI, CHIEF OF THE KIRRI, SUMMONS UP AN AERIAL TRAIN LADEN WITH GLASS CYLINDERS..
I WAS ON MY WAY TO PICK UP THE FEMALE WHEN I SAW THAT MAN MATERIALIZE OUT OF THIN AIR--AND SO LIQUEFIED HIM TOO! NOW TO CONTINUE WITH MY WORK!
WHUFF... WHUFF...

A MAGNETIMOTOR LIFTS THE PUDDLES UPWARD AND DEPOSITS THEM INTO TWO CYLINDERS...
WHUFF! WHUFF!
GATHERING SPEED, THE AERIAL TRAIN HURTLES SWIFTLY NORTHWARD, PAST THE EMPTY BUILDINGS OF RANAGAR...
OH, ADAM... NOT EVEN YOU CAN SAVE US FROM THIS TERRIBLE DOOM...
WHUFF! WHUFF!
BEFORE THE VAST ICE CAVERNS OF THE NORTH POLAR REGION OF RANN THE AERIAL TRAIN HALTS, WHILE THE AQUA-CYLINDERS ARE REMOVED AND CARRIED INTO THE ICE GROTTOES...
LONG AGO WE VOWED THAT WHEN WE FINALLY OVERCAME THE HUMANS OF RANN, WE'D PRESERVE THEM ETERNALLY IN THE ICE WHERE WE HID OUT FOR CENTURIES!
THE CYLINDERS ARE EMPTIED BEFORE A SHIMMERING BEAM WHICH RECREATES THE ORIGINAL BODIES FROM THE WATER MOLECULES, THEN COATS EACH RIGID FIGURE WITH SOLID ICE...
ADAM--THEY'RE PUTTING US IN HIBERNATION!
YES--AS PART OF OUR HALL OF VICTORY TROPHIES!
YOU WILL LIVE ON FOREVER HERE--MUTE TESTIMONIES TO THE GREATNESS OF THE KIRRI!

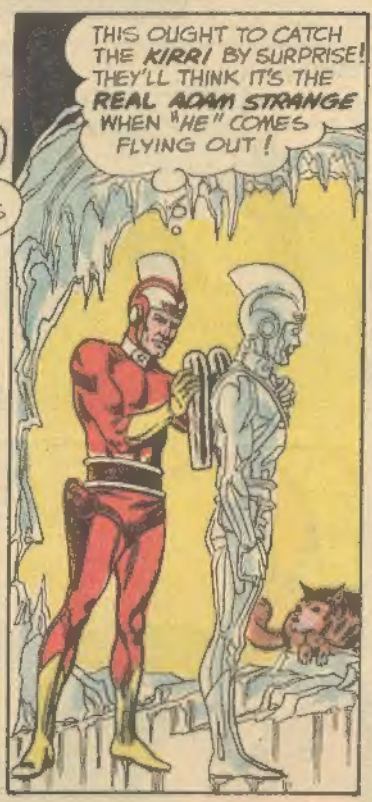
AFTER THE KIRRI LEAVE TO FETCH ANOTHER LOAD OF FLASKS, SILENCE SETTLES OVER THE GREAT ICE CAVERN...
THEN THE CLICKING OF CLAWS IS HEARD AND THE SHARP BARK OF A HUSKY DOG...
THE DOG I SAVED ON EARTH... HE MUST HAVE SNEAKED ABOARD THE AERIAL TRAIN! I SAVED HIS LIFE--MAYBE HE CAN SAVE MINE!
WHUFF! WHUFF!
GOT TO TRY AND COMMUNICATE WITH HIM TELEPATHICALLY... TELL HIM WHAT TO DO...
GOOD DOG! RISE UP! SCRATCH THE ICE IN FRONT OF ME WITH YOUR CLAWS! SET ME FREE! GOOD DOG! SCRATCH THE ICE AWAY!
TO ADAM'S DISMAY, THE EARTH-DOG MERELY WAGS HIS TAIL AND BARKS AGAIN...
WHUFF.. WHUFF--!
THE DOG DIDN'T "RECEIVE" ME! GOT TO TRY AGAIN...
SUDDENLY THE HUSKY RISES ON HIS HIND LEGS AND BEGINS CLAWING FRANTICALLY AT THE ICY SHEATH ENCASING THE EARTHMAN!
I DID IT! I MADE IT UNDERSTAND WHAT I WANTED-- BY SHEER THOUGHT!
AS THE ICE IS CHIPPED AWAY, ADAM MOVES HIS HAND SLOWLY AND WITH TREMENDOUS EFFORT TOWARD THE HEAT-CONTROL STUD OF HIS INSULATED SPACESUIT...
NOW TO HASTEN THE PROCESS BY TURNING ON MY THERMO-UNITS FULL POWER!


AS THE LAST OF HIS ICY SHEATH MELTS AWAY, ADAM STRANGE LEAPS TO FREE HIS SWEETHEART ALANNA, BUT...
I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THAT ICE IN A JIFFY, HONEY! HEY, BOY-- WHAT'S WRONG?
WRROFF! WRRRRR!

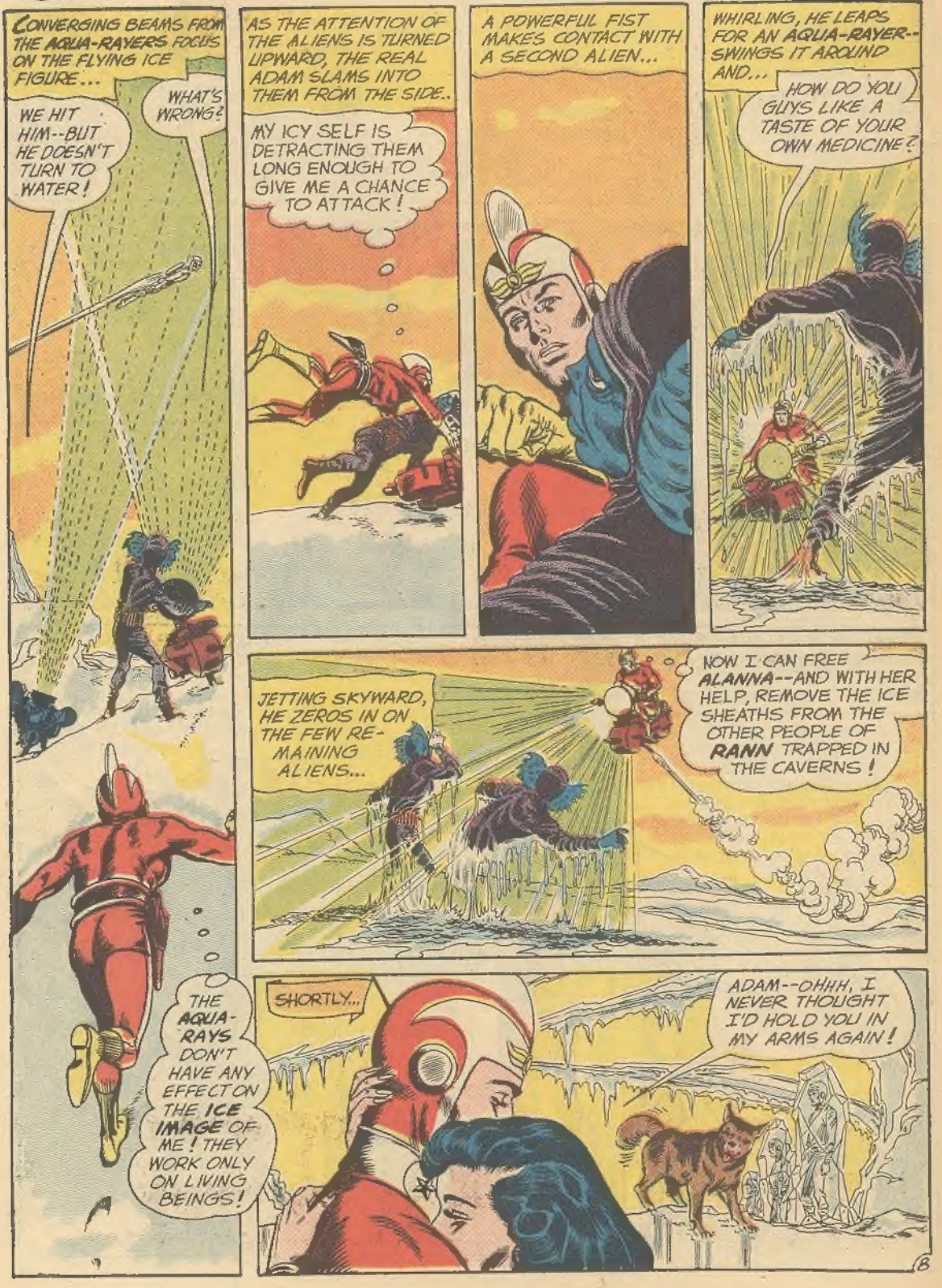
RACING TO THE CAVE ENTRANCE HE SEES...
ANOTHER AERIAL TRAIN-- WITH MORE PEOPLE TO DECORATE THE KIRRI'S HALL OF TROPHIES! NO TIME TO FREE ALANNA NOW! I'VE GOT TO COME UP WITH A WAY TO FIGHT THOSE ALIENS BY MYSELF!

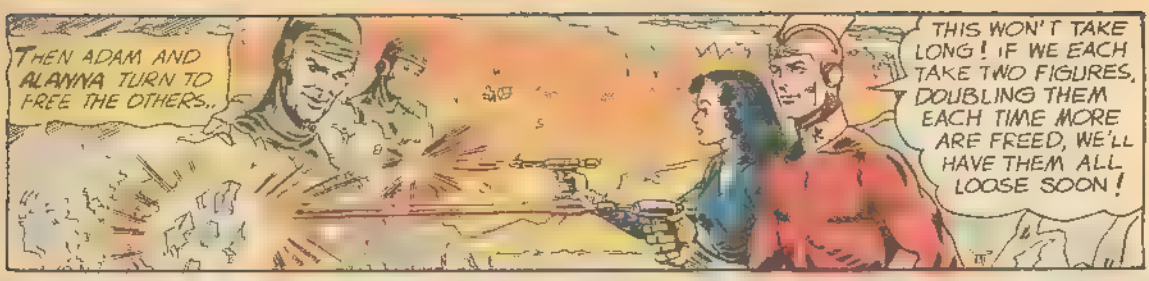
FIRING HIS RAY-GUN, THE EARTH-MAN BEGINS CUTTING A BLOCK OF SOLID ICE, FROM THE CAVE WALL...
I HAVE ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION THAT MY SCHEME WILL WORK--

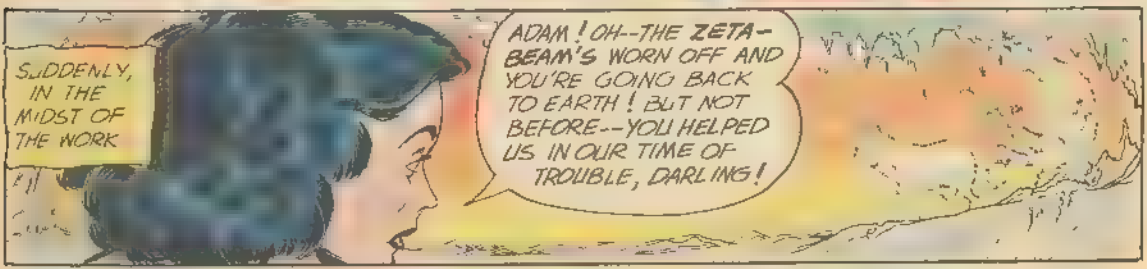
USING THE HEAT-BEAM AS A SCULPTOR USES HAMMER AND CHISEL, HE CARVES THE ICE SWIFTLY, WITH TRAINED SKILL...
AS AN ARCHEOLOGIST, I WAS TRAINED IN SCULPTURE AND ART TO ENABLE ME TO MAKE RECONSTRUCTIONS FROM FOSSIL REMAINS OF EARTH CREATURES! THAT TRAINING SURE COMES IN HANDY NOW!

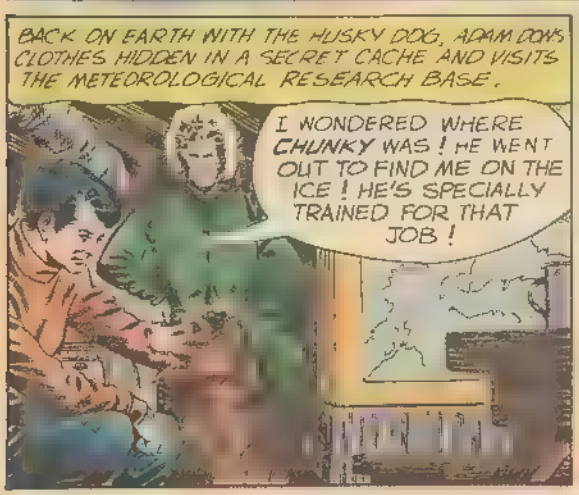

THIS OUGHT TO CATCH THE KIRRI BY SURPRISE! THEY'LL THINK IT'S THE REAL ADAM STRANGE WHEN "HE" COMES FLYING OUT!

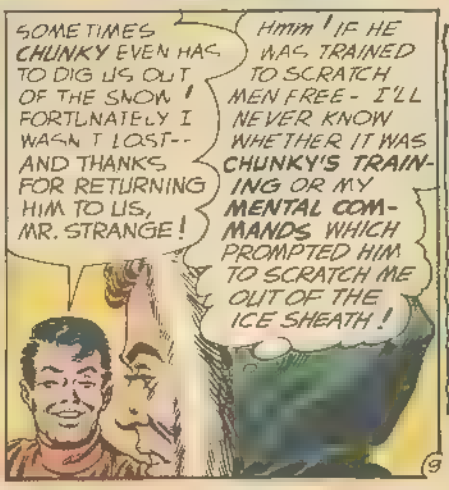
THUS, WHEN THE AERIAL TRAIN LANDS...
IT'S THE ONE CALLED ADAM STRANGE!
SOMEHOW HE GOT LOOSE! BLAST HIM AGAIN WITH THE AQUA-RAY!

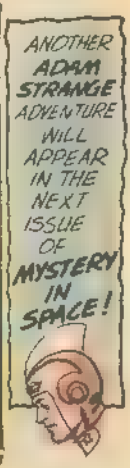

CONVERGING BEAMS FROM THE AQUA-RAYERS FOCUS ON THE FLYING ICE FIGURE...
WHAT'S WRONG?
WE HIT HIM--BUT HE DOESN'T TURN TO WATER!
AS THE ATTENTION OF THE ALIENS IS TURNED UPWARD, THE REAL ADAM SLAMS INTO THEM FROM THE SIDE..
MY ICY SELF IS DETRACTING THEM LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO ATTACK!
A POWERFUL FIST MAKES CONTACT WITH A SECOND ALIEN...
WHIRLING, HE LEAPS FOR AN AQUA-RAYER--SWINGS IT AROUND AND...
HOW DO YOU GUYS LIKE A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE?
JETTING SKYWARD, HE ZEROS IN ON THE FEW REMAINING ALIENS...
NOW I CAN FREE ALANNA--AND WITH HER HELP, REMOVE THE ICE SHEATHS FROM THE OTHER PEOPLE OF RANN TRAPPED IN THE CAVERNS!
THE AQUA-RAYS DON'T HAVE ANY EFFECT ON THE ICE IMAGE OF ME! THEY WORK ONLY ON LIVING BEINGS!
SHORTLY...
ADAM--OHHH, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS AGAIN!


THEN ADAM AND ALANYA TURN TO FREE THE OTHERS..
THIS WON'T TAKE LONG! IF WE EACH TAKE TWO FIGURES, DOUBLING THEM EACH TIME MORE ARE FREED, WE'LL HAVE THEM ALL LOOSE SOON!


SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDST OF THE WORK
ADAM! OH--THE ZETA-BEAM'S WORN OFF AND YOU'RE GOING BACK TO EARTH! BUT NOT BEFORE--YOU HELPED US IN OUR TIME OF TROUBLE, DARLING!


BACK ON EARTH WITH THE HUSKY DOG, ADAM DONS CLOTHES HIDDEN IN A SECRET CACHE AND VISITS THE METEOROLOGICAL RESEARCH BASE.
I WONDERED WHERE CHUNKY WAS! HE WENT OUT TO FIND ME ON THE ICE! HE'S SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR THAT JOB!


SOMETIMES CHUNKY EVEN HAS TO DIG US OUT OF THE SNOW! FORTUNATELY I WASN'T LOST--AND THANKS FOR RETURNING HIM TO US, MR. STRANGE!
Hmm! IF HE WAS TRAINED TO SCRATCH MEN FREE - I'LL NEVER KNOW WHETHER IT WAS CHUNKY'S TRAINING OR MY MENTAL COMMANDS WHICH PROMPTED HIM TO SCRATCH ME OUT OF THE ICE SHEATH!
9



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was to warn the folks the British were near,
But between you and me the real cause for this feat
was to wake everyone for a
Tootsie Roll TREAT!

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Tootsie Roll

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WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MOTHER?
WE'RE MAKING BABY CLOTHES FOR VISITING NURSES TO GIVE TO FAMILIES THAT NEED THEM.
'BYE, DEBBIE... I'M OFF WITH MY GROUP ON OUR OVERNIGHT HIKE. SEE YOU TOMORROW AFTERNOON, DEAR!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING OVER TO THE CHILDREN'S CONVALESCENT HOME TO READ TO THEM?
GOLLY, S.S., EVERYBODY IN THIS FAMILY SEEMS TO BE DOING SOMETHING--EXCEPT ME!
YOU CAN DO SOMETHING, DEBBIE... HOW ABOUT GETTING SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS TOGETHER AND MAKING SCRAPBOOKS? I CAN BRING THEM OVER TO THE CHILDREN ON MY NEXT VISIT.
LATER...
THIS SHOULD GO IN--IT'S A REAL CUTE PICTURE!
AND STILL LATER...
WHY, THIS IS WONDERFUL--THE CHILDREN WILL LOVE IT!
WE HOPE SO! IT SURE IS FUN TO DO THINGS FOR OTHER PEOPLE!

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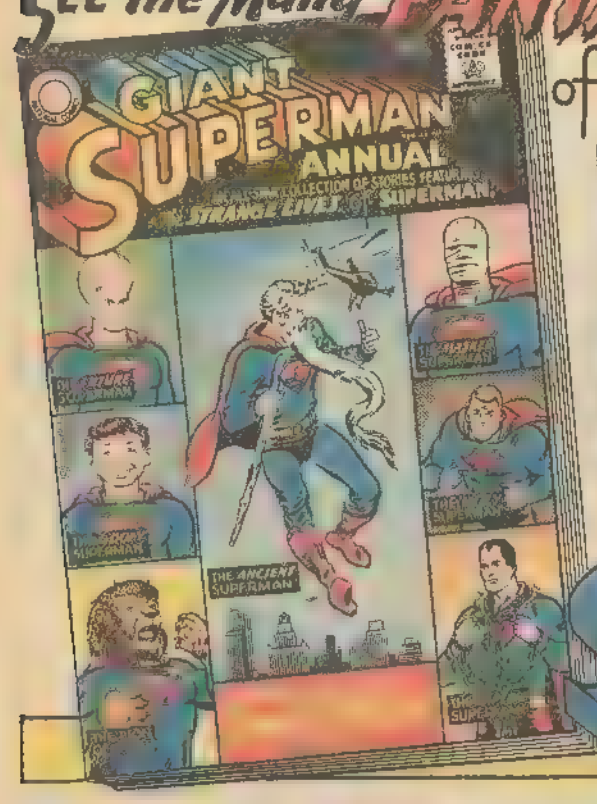

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NATIONAL COMICS

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NATIONAL COMICS

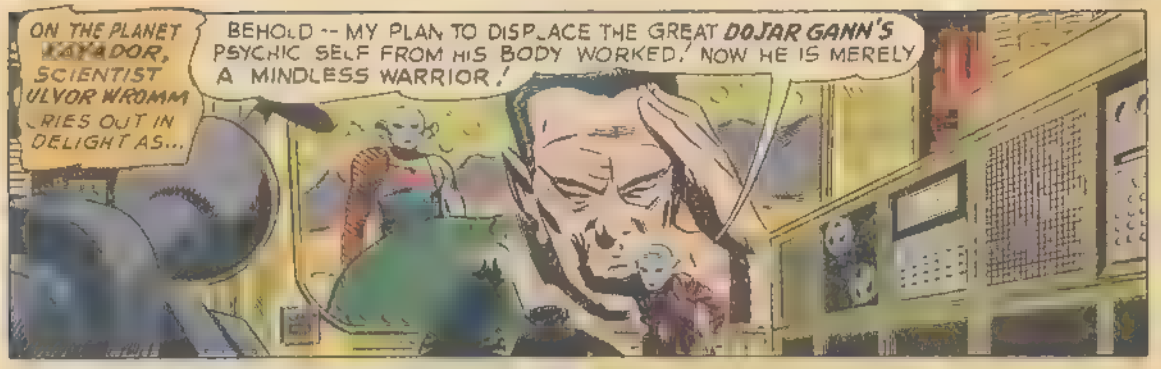
DON'T MISS THIS SPECTACULAR ISSUE! YOU'LL TREASURE IT ALL YOUR LIFE!

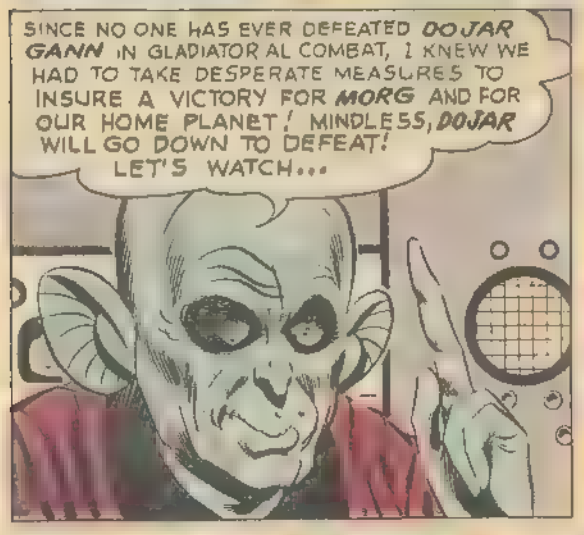
ON SALE EVERYWHERE JUNE 15th

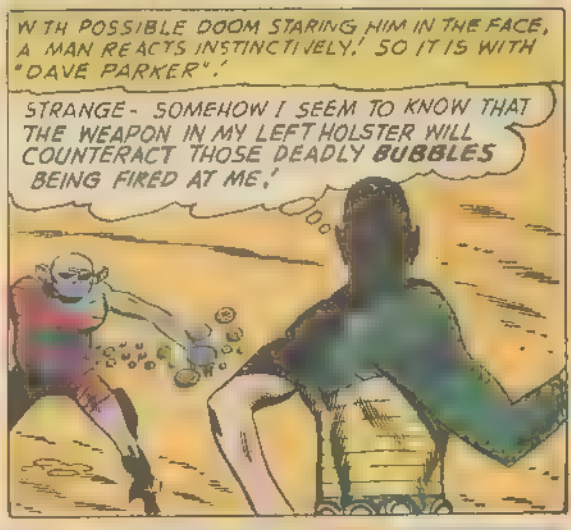
DUEL of the STAR GLADIATORS!

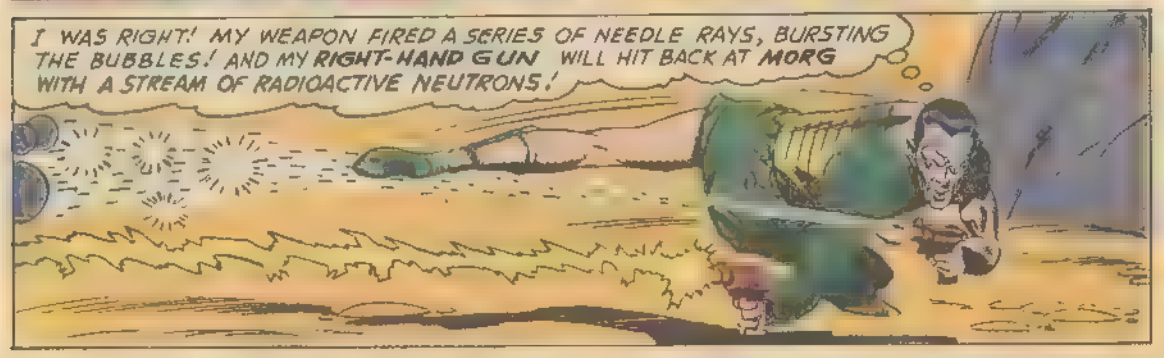
I'M DAVE PARKER OF EARTH -- IN THE YEAR 1961 -- BUT HOW DID I GET INTO THIS BODY OF AN ALIEN WARRIOR -- AND FORCED TO FIGHT A DUEL
DAVE PARKER WAS A HAPPY-ENOUGH EARTHMAN -- WITH A GOOD JOB AND ONE DAY AWAY FROM MARRYING THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS! AND THEN ⇒ WHAMMO! ⇐ HE FOUND HIMSELF ON A PLANET HUNDREDS OF LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH, FIGHTING A DUEL WITH WEAPONS HE KNEW ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ABOUT!

AT A SUBURBAN DOORWAY, AS DAVE PARKER BIDS GOODNIGHT TO HIS FIANCÉE, ALICE MURRAY...
JUST TH.NK-- TOMORROW ... BE MRS DAVE PARKER!
IF ONLY I COULD TELL HER THE TRUTH--THAT I'M NOT DAVE PARKER!
AS THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HER AND THE YOUNG MAN TURNS HOMEWARDS...
MY NAME IS DOJAR GANN! I LIVE ON THE PLANET SYALLIS OF THE STAR-SUN BETELGEUSE--AND I WAS ON THE VERGE OF FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE--WHEN ABRUPTLY I FOUND MYSELF IN THE BODY OF DAVE PARKER OF EARTH.'
AT THIS PRECISE INSTANT, ON A SMALL MAN-MADE PLANET MIDWAY BETWEEN BETELGEUSE AND A SISTER STAR...
TODAY IS THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY OF YOUR LIFE, DOJAR GANN! YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN CHAMPION OF SYALLIS --TO FIGHT THE ALIEN CHAMPION, MORG OF KAYADAR!
AS YOU WELL KNOW, WARS HAVE BEEN ABOLISHED BY THE SYALLIS-STAR EMPIRE! WHEN DISPUTES ARISE BETWEEN PLANETS, CHAMPIONS SELECTED BY THE DISPUTANTS DO BATTLE. WHOEVER WINS THE DUEL, WINS THE "WAR" FOR HIS WORLD.
NO--WAIT! I AM NOT "DOJAR GANN"! I AM REALLY DAVE PARKER, AN EARTHMAN!
HERE COMES MORG NOW! FIGHT WELL DOJAR GANN! THE FATE OF YOUR SYALLINE FELLOW CITIZENS DEPENDS ON YOU!
B-BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE THESE STRANGE WEAPONS! I HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST MORG! HE'LL GET ME WITH HIS FIRST SHOT!

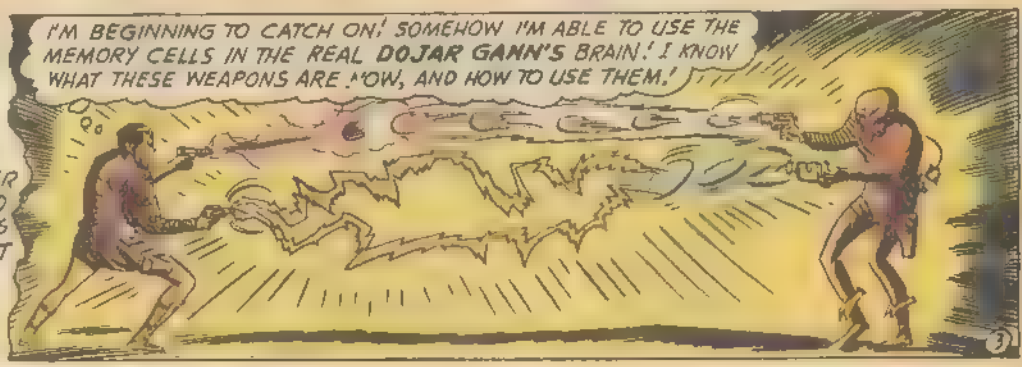

ON THE PLANET KAYADOR, SCIENTIST ULVOR WROMM CRIES OUT IN DELIGHT AS...
BEHOLD -- MY PLAN TO DISPLACE THE GREAT DOJAR GANN'S PSYCHIC SELF FROM HIS BODY WORKED! NOW HE IS MERELY A MINDLESS WARRIOR!

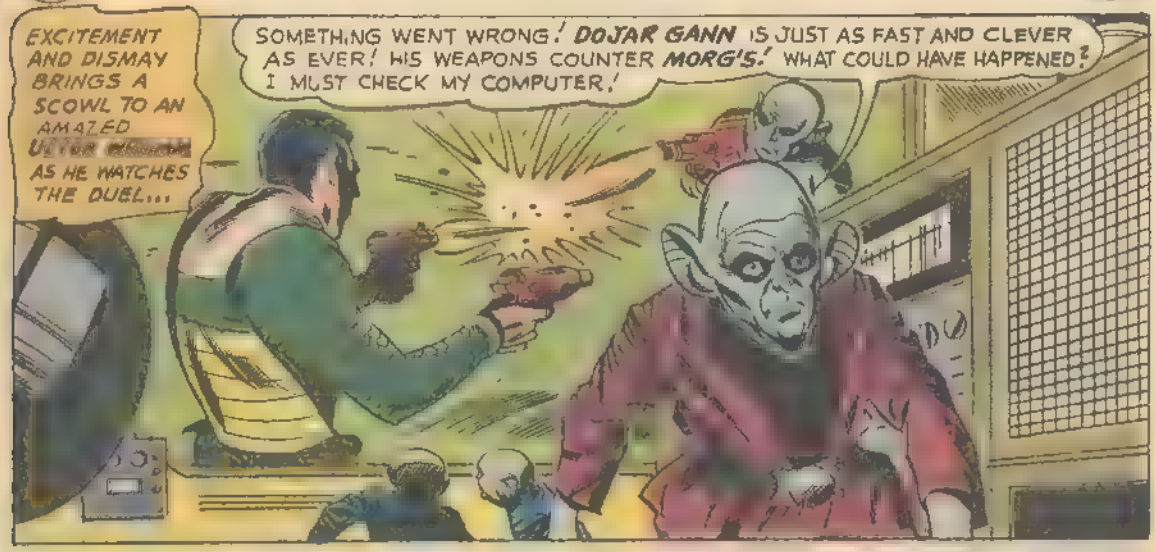

SINCE NO ONE HAS EVER DEFEATED DOJAR GANN IN GLADIATORIAL COMBAT, I KNEW WE HAD TO TAKE DESPERATE MEASURES TO INSURE A VICTORY FOR MORG AND FOR OUR HOME PLANET! MINDLESS, DOJAR WILL GO DOWN TO DEFEAT! LET'S WATCH...

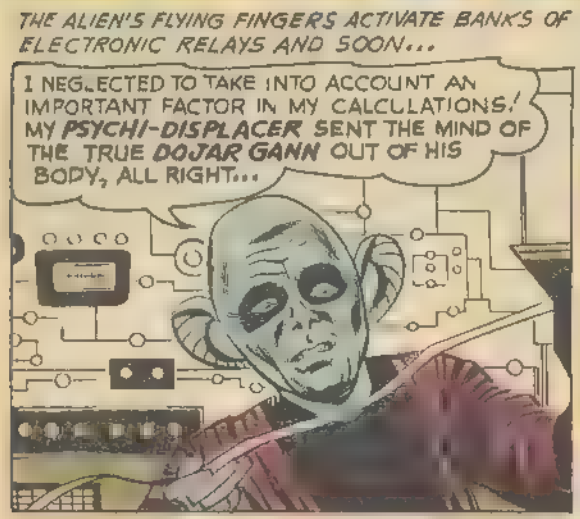

WITH POSSIBLE DOOM STARING HIM IN THE FACE, A MAN REACTS INSTINCTIVELY! SO IT IS WITH "DAVE PARKER"!
STRANGE - SOMEHOW I SEEM TO KNOW THAT THE WEAPON IN MY LEFT HOLSTER WILL COUNTERACT THOSE DEADLY BUBBLES BEING FIRED AT ME!

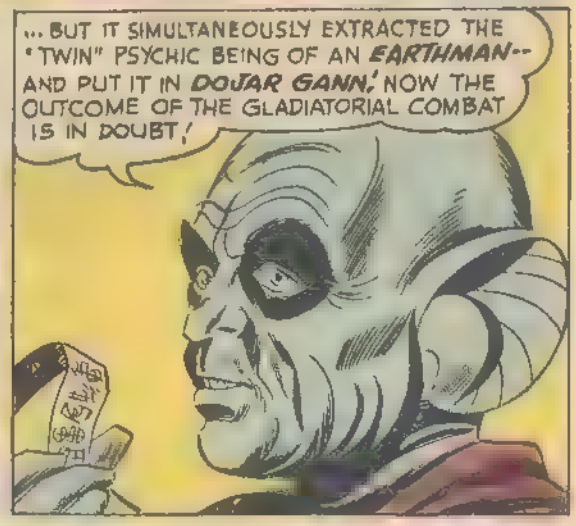

I WAS RIGHT! MY WEAPON FIRED A SERIES OF NEEDLE RAYS, BURSTING THE BUBBLES! AND MY RIGHT-HAND GUN WILL HIT BACK AT MORG WITH A STREAM OF RADIOACTIVE NEUTRONS!

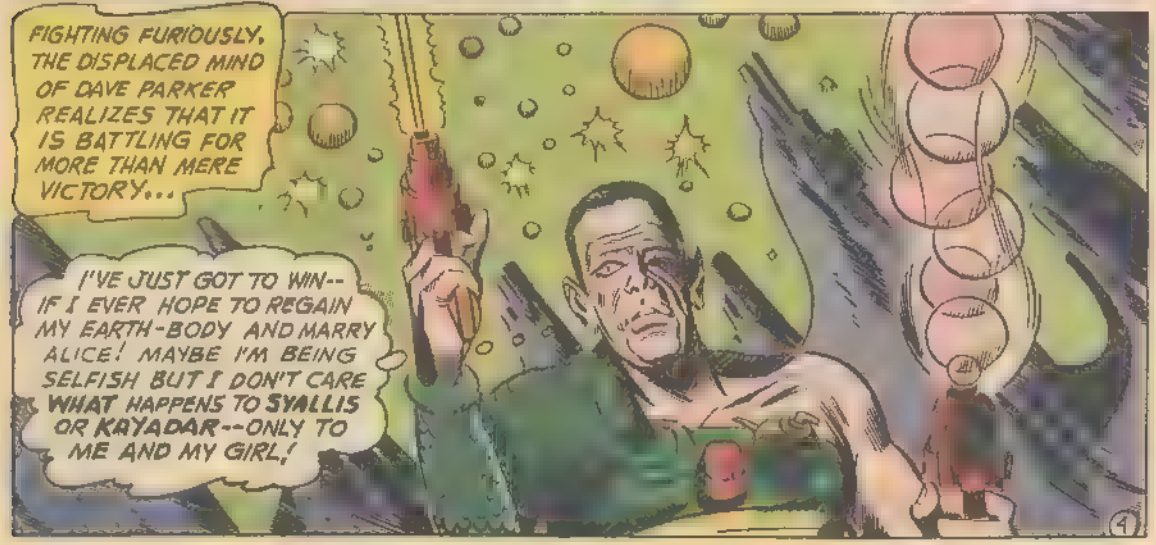
AN INSTANT LATER THE AIR IS FILLED WITH FIRE AND THUNDER AS THE TWO CONTESTANTS SLUG IT OUT FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN SEE...

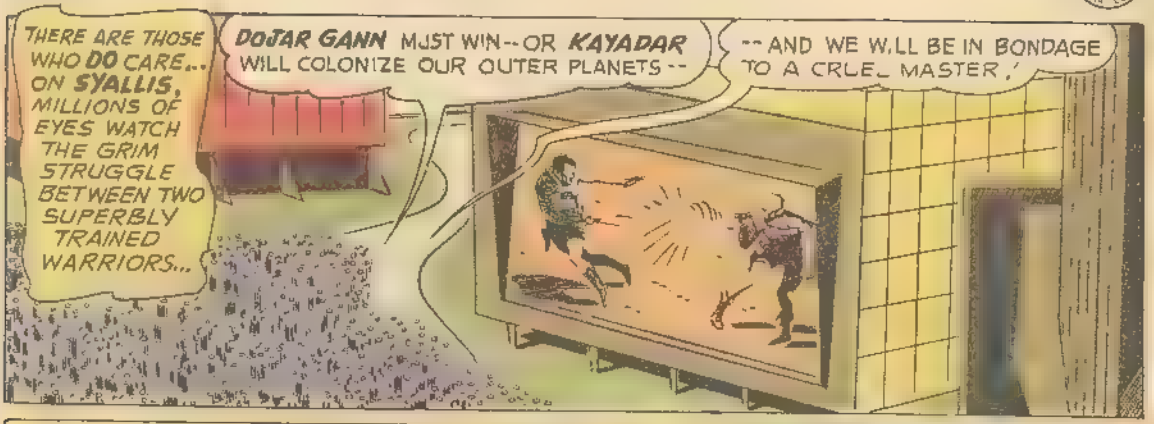

I'M BEGINNING TO CATCH ON! SOMEHOW I'M ABLE TO USE THE MEMORY CELLS IN THE REAL DOJAR GANN'S BRAIN! I KNOW WHAT THESE WEAPONS ARE NOW, AND HOW TO USE THEM!

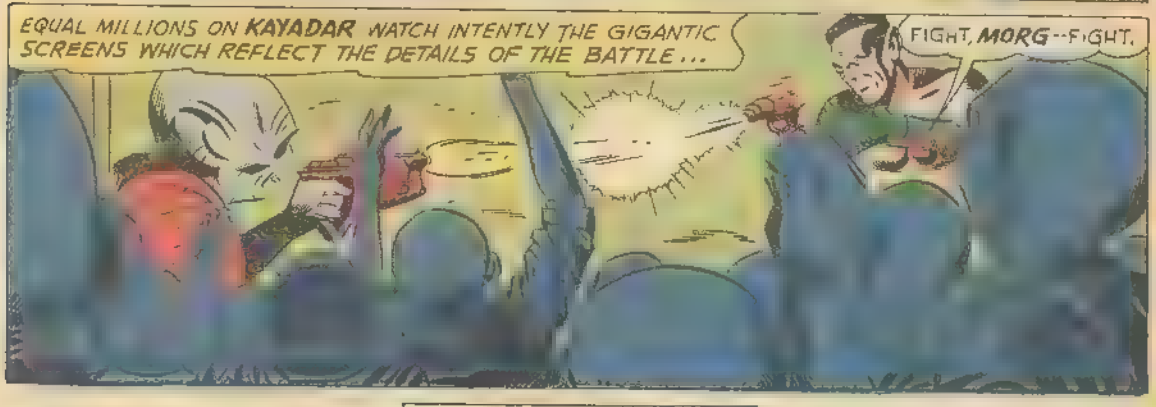

EXCITEMENT AND DISMAY BRINGS A SCOWL TO AN AMAZED [illegible] AS HE WATCHES THE DUEL...
SOMETHING WENT WRONG! DOJAR GANN IS JUST AS FAST AND CLEVER AS EVER! HIS WEAPONS COUNTER MORG'S! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED? I MUST CHECK MY COMPUTER!


THE ALIEN'S FLYING FINGERS ACTIVATE BANKS OF ELECTRONIC RELAYS AND SOON...
I NEGLECTED TO TAKE INTO ACCOUNT AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN MY CALCULATIONS! MY PSYCHI-DISPLACER SENT THE MIND OF THE TRUE DOJAR GANN OUT OF HIS BODY, ALL RIGHT...


...BUT IT SIMULTANEOUSLY EXTRACTED THE "TWIN" PSYCHIC BEING OF AN EARTHMAN-- AND PUT IT IN DOJAR GANN! NOW THE OUTCOME OF THE GLADIATORIAL COMBAT IS IN DOUBT!

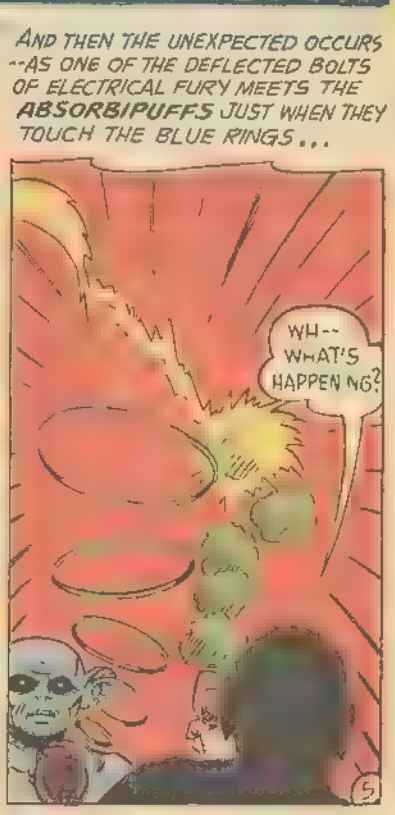

FIGHTING FURIOUSLY, THE DISPLACED MIND OF DAVE PARKER REALIZES THAT IT IS BATTLING FOR MORE THAN MERE VICTORY...
I'VE JUST GOT TO WIN-- IF I EVER HOPE TO REGAIN MY EARTH-BODY AND MARRY ALICE! MAYBE I'M BEING SELFISH BUT I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO SYALLIS OR KAYADAR--ONLY TO ME AND MY GIRL!

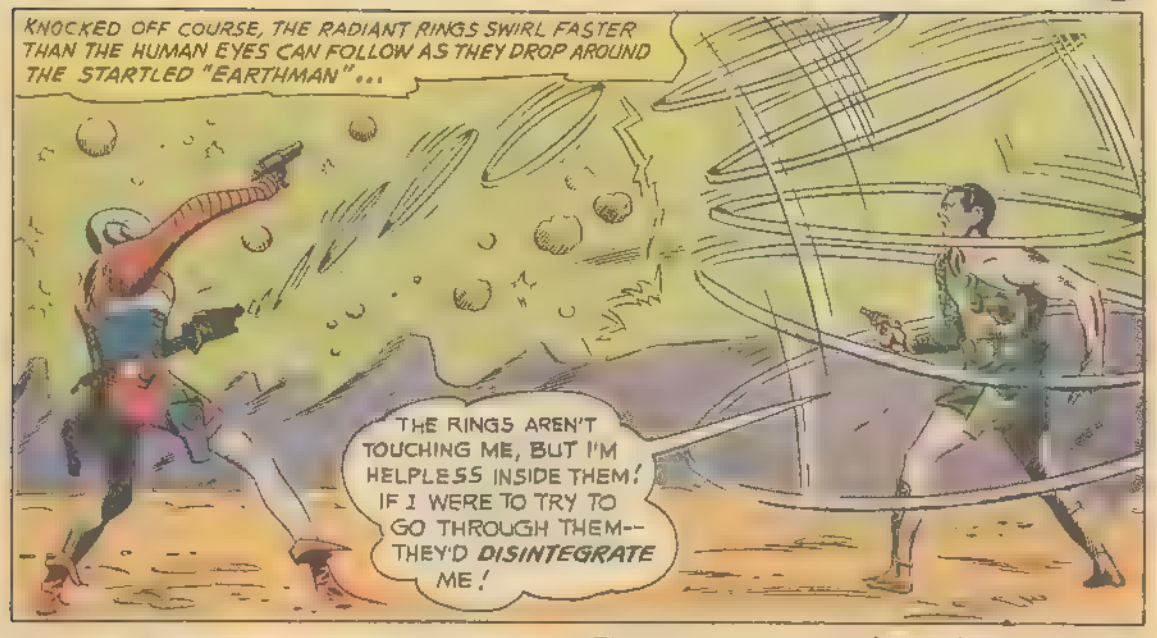

THERE ARE THOSE WHO DO CARE... ON SYALLIS, MILLIONS OF EYES WATCH THE GRIM STRUGGLE BETWEEN TWO SUPERBLY TRAINED WARRIORS...
DOJAR GANN MUST WIN--OR KAYADAR WILL COLONIZE OUR OUTER PLANETS--
--AND WE WILL BE IN BONDAGE TO A CRUEL MASTER!

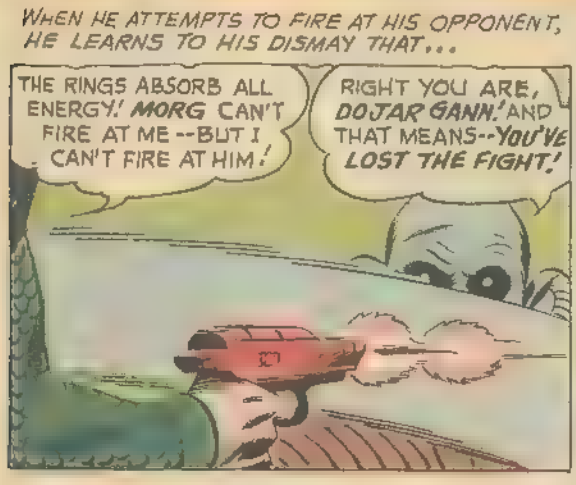

EQUAL MILLIONS ON KAYADAR WATCH INTENTLY THE GIGANTIC SCREENS WHICH REFLECT THE DETAILS OF THE BATTLE...
FIGHT, MORG--FIGHT.

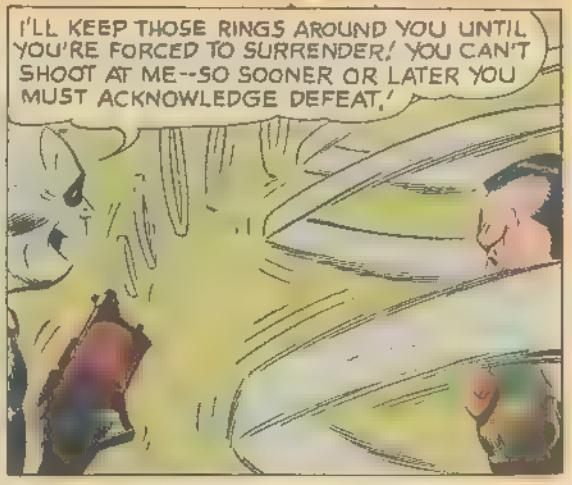
ON THE MAN-MADE PLANET, THE WARRIOR-CHAMPIONS STRUGGLE GRIMLY, RELENTLESSLY, FOR THE MASTERY...
THAT WAS A CLEVER MOVE, DOJAR GANN! YOU NEARLY FINISHED ME! BUT I HAVE A TRICK OF MY OWN!

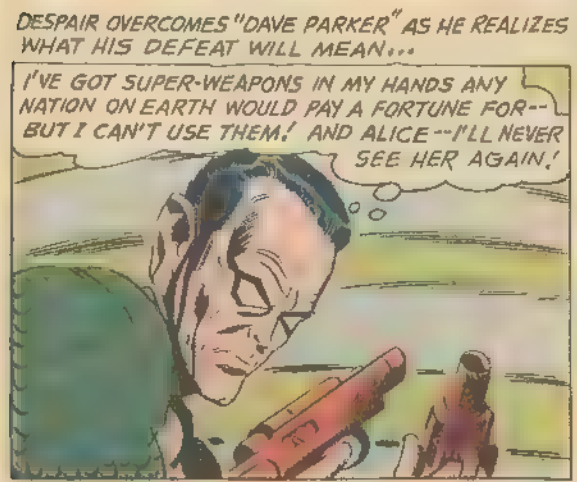
I ANTICIPATED YOUR TRICK, MORG! MY ABSORBIPUFFS WILL NEUTRALIZE THOSE RADIANT RINGS!

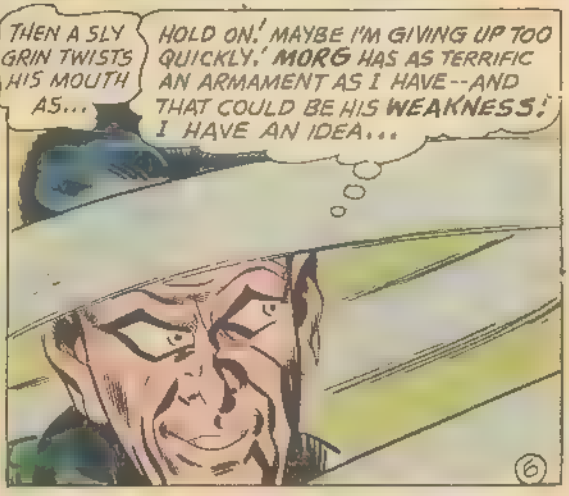

AND THEN THE UNEXPECTED OCCURS --AS ONE OF THE DEFLECTED BOLTS OF ELECTRICAL FURY MEETS THE ABSORBIPUFFS JUST WHEN THEY TOUCH THE BLUE RINGS...
WH-- WHAT'S HAPPENING?
5


KNOCKED OFF COURSE, THE RADIANT RINGS SWIRL FASTER THAN THE HUMAN EYES CAN FOLLOW AS THEY DROP AROUND THE STARTLED "EARTHMAN"...
THE RINGS AREN'T TOUCHING ME, BUT I'M HELPLESS INSIDE THEM! IF I WERE TO TRY TO GO THROUGH THEM--THEY'D DISINTEGRATE ME!

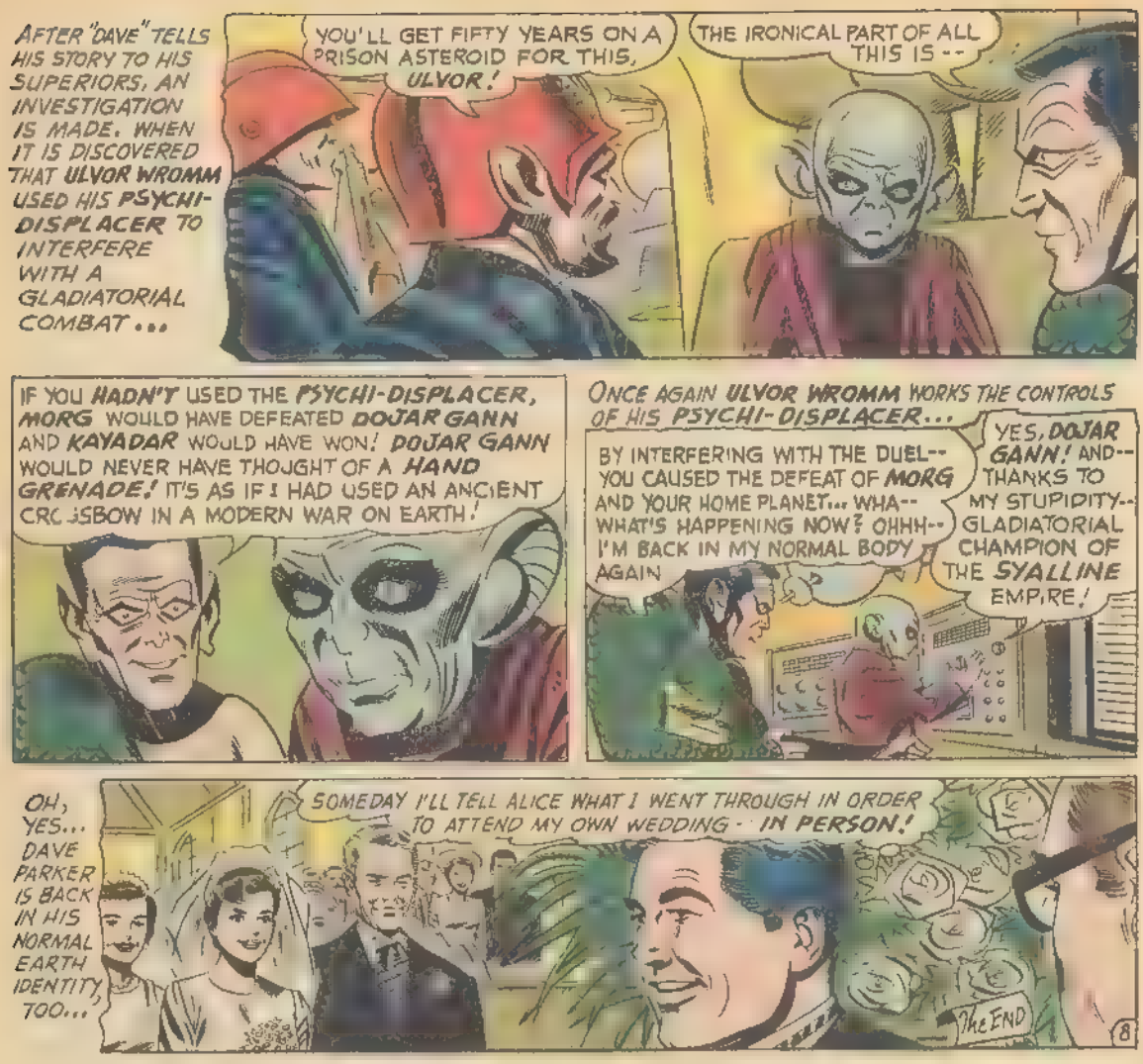

WHEN HE ATTEMPTS TO FIRE AT HIS OPPONENT, HE LEARNS TO HIS DISMAY THAT...
THE RINGS ABSORB ALL ENERGY! MORG CAN'T FIRE AT ME--BUT I CAN'T FIRE AT HIM!
RIGHT YOU ARE, DOJAR GANN! AND THAT MEANS--YOU'VE LOST THE FIGHT!


I'LL KEEP THOSE RINGS AROUND YOU UNTIL YOU'RE FORCED TO SURRENDER! YOU CAN'T SHOOT AT ME--SO SOONER OR LATER YOU MUST ACKNOWLEDGE DEFEAT!

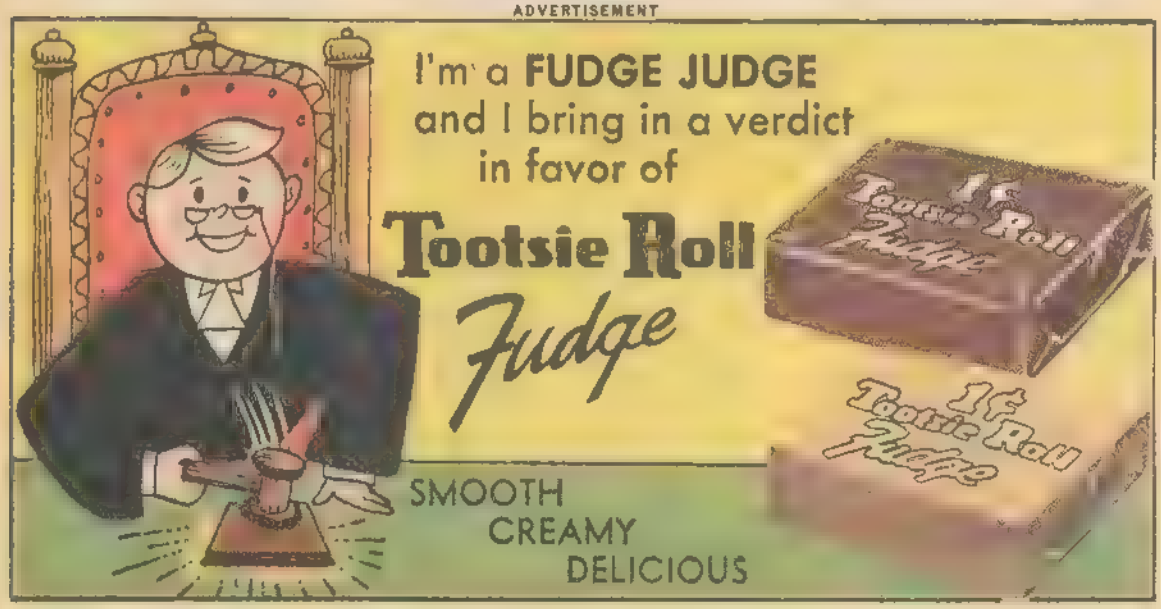

DESPAIR OVERCOMES "DAVE PARKER" AS HE REALIZES WHAT HIS DEFEAT WILL MEAN...
I'VE GOT SUPER-WEAPONS IN MY HANDS ANY NATION ON EARTH WOULD PAY A FORTUNE FOR--BUT I CAN'T USE THEM! AND ALICE--I'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN!


THEN A SLY GRIN TWISTS HIS MOUTH AS...
HOLD ON! MAYBE I'M GIVING UP TOO QUICKLY! MORG HAS AS TERRIFIC AN ARMAMENT AS I HAVE--AND THAT COULD BE HIS WEAKNESS! I HAVE AN IDEA...

FOR SEVERAL MINUTES "DAVE" WORKS OVER A METALLIC-LIKE BOMB...
THIS SATELLITE BOMB USUALLY CONTAINS A MINIATURE ATOMIC PILE--BUT I'VE TAKEN THAT OUT! PLAIN BLACK GUNPOWDER IS WHAT I WANT! THEN I'LL ATTACH A SHORT FUSE AND--
BALANCING HIS IMPROVISED HAND GRENADE ON HIS PALM, THE EARTHMAN FLIPS IT SKYWARD...
I'VE GOT TO LOOP IT OVER THE TOP RING...
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, DOJAR GANN? YOU CAN'T FOOL ME WITH THAT SATELLITE BOMB! I'LL NEUTRALIZE IT WITH A GAS PELLET!
MORG FIRES, BUT HIS COUNTER-WEAPON HAS NO EFFECT ON THE GUN-POWDER AND LIGHTED FUSE! A MOMENT LATER, THE GRENADE EXPLODES...
THE BLAST WILL KNOCK MORG OUT! HE'LL HAVE TO LET GO OF HIS RAY-GUN AND--THE RAY-GUN WILL WILL AUTOMATICALLY SHUT OFF, CANCELLING OUT THE RADIATION RINGS IMPRISONING ME!
AS THE RINGS FADE AWAY...
POOR MORG! HIS SCIENTIFIC WEAPONS ARE SO SUPERIOR TO THOSE OF EARTH--HE NEVER IN HIS WILDEST DREAMS IMAGINED I'D USE ANYTHING AS CRUDE AS A PRIMITIVE HAND GRENADE!
CLUNK
HIS COUNTER-WEAPON WAS GEARED TO DESTROY A SATELLITE BOMB--NOT AN EARTH-TYPE HAND GRENADE! I'LL MAKE HIM MY PRISONER, THEN WAIT FOR THE COMING OF THE SYALLIS SPACESHIP!


AFTER "DAVE" TELLS HIS STORY TO HIS SUPERIORS, AN INVESTIGATION IS MADE. WHEN IT IS DISCOVERED THAT ULVOR WROMM USED HIS PSYCHI-DISPLACER TO INTERFERE WITH A GLADIATORIAL COMBAT...
YOU'LL GET FIFTY YEARS ON A PRISON ASTEROID FOR THIS, ULVOR!
THE IRONICAL PART OF ALL THIS IS --
IF YOU HADN'T USED THE PSYCHI-DISPLACER, MORG WOULD HAVE DEFEATED DOJAR GANN AND KAYADAR WOULD HAVE WON! DOJAR GANN WOULD NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF A HAND GRENADE! IT'S AS IF I HAD USED AN ANCIENT CROSSBOW IN A MODERN WAR ON EARTH!
ONCE AGAIN ULVOR WROMM WORKS THE CONTROLS OF HIS PSYCHI-DISPLACER...
BY INTERFERING WITH THE DUEL-- YOU CAUSED THE DEFEAT OF MORG AND YOUR HOME PLANET... WHA-- WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW? OHHH-- I'M BACK IN MY NORMAL BODY AGAIN
YES, DOJAR GANN! AND-- THANKS TO MY STUPIDITY-- GLADIATORIAL CHAMPION OF THE SYALLINE EMPIRE!
OH, YES... DAVE PARKER IS BACK IN HIS NORMAL EARTH IDENTITY, TOO...
SOMEDAY I'LL TELL ALICE WHAT I WENT THROUGH IN ORDER TO ATTEND MY OWN WEDDING - IN PERSON!
THE END
8

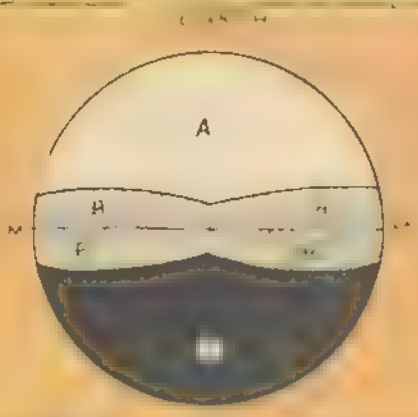
ADVERTISEMENT



GIANTS OF THE TELESCOPE

JOSEPH LOUIS LAGRANGE...
(1736 - 1813)

APPOINTED PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AT THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL OF TURIN, ITALY, JOSEPH [illegible] DEVISING EQUATIONS FOR THE STUDY OF LUNAR LIBRATIONS (ROCKING MOTION OF THE MOON THAT ENABLES US TO SEE MORE THAN 50% OF ITS SURFACE)--FOR WHICH HE WAS AWARDED A PRIZE BY THE PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES...

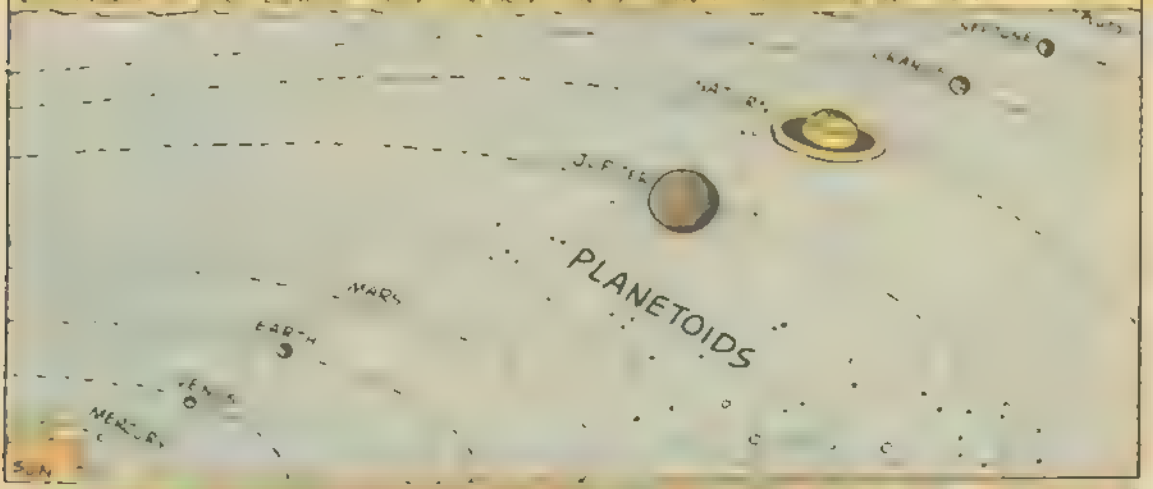


[illegible] OF THE MOON'S GLOBE. A IS ALWAYS VISIBLE. B AND B' ARE ALTERNATELY VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE EITHER SIDE OF M; C IS ALWAYS INVISIBLE.

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, LAGRANGE WON ANOTHER PRIZE FROM THE PARIS ACADEMY FOR HIS MATHEMATICAL CONCEPTS EXPLAINING THE MOTIONS OF THE SATELLITES OF JUPITER...

JUPITER AND 4 OF ITS SATELLITES IN THE FIELD OF A SMALL TELESCOPE

[illegible] LAGRANGE DID VALUABLE RESEARCH WORK [illegible]



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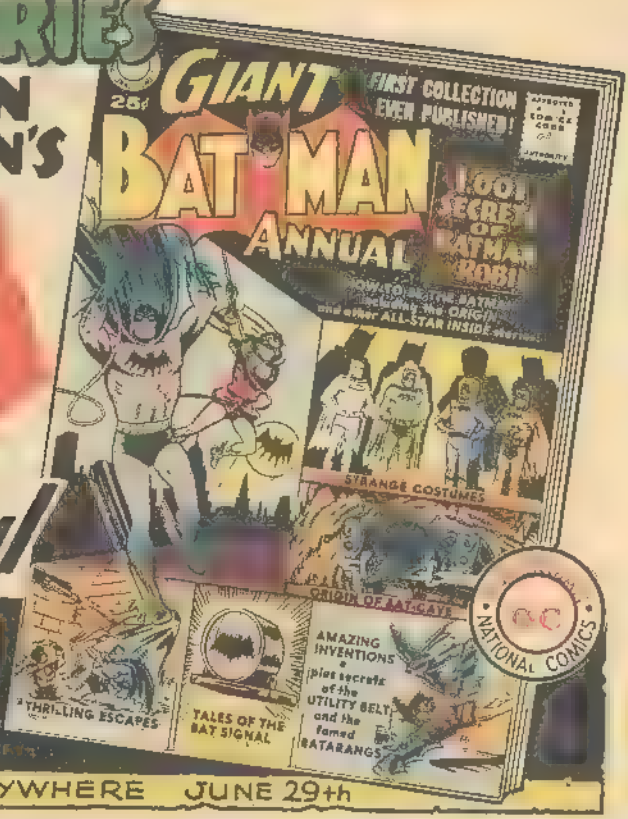
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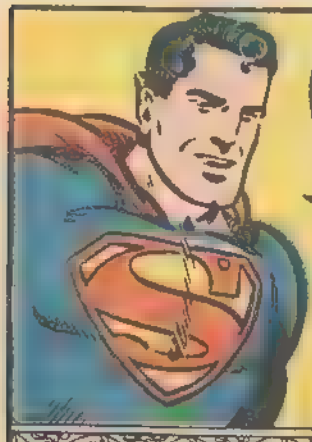

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WONDERS of SPACE

Dear Editor: I have been an avid Adam Strange fan ever since he leaped across a chasm in South America—and (because he was struck by the *zeta-beam*) continued his leap all the way to the planet *Rann*, 25 trillion miles away. However, there's one thing that's always puzzled me about this set-up. Since both *Earth* and *Rann* are in motion, how does Adam know exactly where on Earth the *zeta-beam* will strike him?

Another suggestion is to work out a method whereby Adam can take Alanna back to Earth with him, for a brief stay anyway.

Finally, thanks for giving us a very wonderful magazine and for keeping the price at 10 cents. If the price goes up I doubt if you'll be hearing from me again, because the chances are I will never buy another comic.

Robert Golub, Miami, Fla.

(In the same manner that astronomers can tell with precision when future eclipses will occur, so Adam Strange can mathematically determine exactly when and where the *zeta-beam* will strike on Earth. Incidentally, we're happy to announce that among the stories to appear in the forthcoming DC Giant Special—SECRET ORIGINS—is the *very first* Adam Strange story, which originally appeared in the November-December, 1958 Showcase.—Editor)

* * *

Dear Editor: I want to compliment you on the fine job you are doing on the *Mystery in Space* comic book and especially featuring the stories featuring Adam Strange. I also enjoy the articles such as "Wonders of Space" and "Our Strange Universe." These are very educational and interesting in the manner in which your artists and authors portray them.

I would like to see an Adam Strange story sometime where he would find things on the planet *Rann* in a state of peace, no alien villains trying to capture or destroy the civilization or other disastrous calamities that so often befall Adam Strange. Nevertheless, I look forward to seeing what each new issue brings in the way of adventure to Adam Strange as he is teleported to *Rann*.

Lee Carskadon, Jr., Edison, Nebraska

* * *

Dear Editor: I am a keen Norwegian reader of *Mystery in Space*. I like especially Adam Strange and Alanna. In issue No. 60 I saw that Carmine Infantino won the 1959 award as "the best comic book cartoonist of the year." Is he still the illustrator of Adam Strange?

I will, if the editor allows it, ask my fellow-readers about something:

I would very much like to have some old (or new) issues of *any* National Comics from your readers. If you, reader, would like it I could send you sport-pictures from Norwegian papers and magazines in exchange for your magazines.

Steiner Aadland,
Hans Haugesgt. 3, Bergen, Norway

(Yes, we're happy to report that the very busy Carmine Infantino still draws Adam Strange. You'll be interested to know that Infantino has been selected by the State Department and Cartoonists Society to "entertain" American troops stationed in Europe.—Editor)
May 1st.—Editor)

* * *

Dear Editor: I picked up a copy of *Mystery in Space* No. 66 today and was pleased to note that you would welcome letters.

The very first comic I ever bought was a copy of *Mystery in Space* No. 32 (June-July, 1956). I have bought and kept every issue of *MIS* since then and would like to list my idea of the best stories printed during this span.

For 1956, the best story was "The Wooden World War!" For 1957, "Secret of the Moon Sphinx!" For 1958, "Mystery of the Moon Sniper!" For 1959, "The Sky-High Man!" And for 1960, "Escape from Earth!"

Perhaps you'd be interested to know that I consider "Mystery of the Moon Sniper" the best you have ever printed!

Mike Nolan, San Jose, Cal.

* * *

Dear Editor: I think the idea of having a readers' department in *Mystery in Space* is just great! I am just full of questions I would like to ask the editor.

I like the style of artwork and story material in *Mystery in Space* and *Strange Adventures*. I notice that these and all my D.C. favorite magazines are edited by Julius Schwartz. That name rings a bell. I seem to recall that name as the editor of *Fantasy Magazine* which appeared back in 1933. Is there any connection between the two names?

Please tell me who writes the Adam Strange stories.

Who is the wonderful artist who drew "Weapon of the Great Brains" in your No. 65 issue?

And last but not least what happened to Whitney Ellsworth who used to edit all the D.C. magazines all the way back to 1940?

Daniel Erwine, San Diego, Cal.

(The Julius Schwartz who edited *Fantasy Magazine* is the current editor of *Mystery in Space*. Every Adam Strange story to date has been written by Gardner F. Fox. "Weapon of the Great Brains" was illustrated by Sidney Greene. Whitney Ellsworth is currently stationed in Hollywood, in charge of our television productions.—Editor)

Letters to this department should be addressed to WONDERS OF SPACE, National Comics, 575 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

ONCE AGAIN THOSE THREE ROVERS OF THE STARWAYS--PLAYBOY RICK PURVIS--GLAMOROUS KAREL SORENSEN--AND NOVELIST HOMER GLINT--COMBINE TO PRODUCE A COMEDY OF ERRORS ON ANOTHER WORLD! HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A MYSTERIOUS CALL FOR HELP FROM INTERSTELLAR SPACE, THEY VIE WITH EACH OTHER TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF--
What happened on SIRIUS-4?
THAT MACHINE PROVES THE PEOPLE OF SIRIUS-4 WERE ANNIHILATED IN A NUCLEAR WAR!
YOU'RE WRONG, RICK--AS USUAL! THIS SPIRAL RAMP SHOWS THEY ESCAPED BY TELEPORTING THEMSELVES TO ANOTHER WORLD!
NEITHER OF YOU IS CORRECT! THE PEOPLE OF THIS PLANET ARE STILL HERE--WAITING FOR US TO SAVE THEM FROM A TERRIBLE MENACE!

IT WAS IN THE YEAR 1960 ON THE PLANET EARTH THAT MAN FIRST SOUGHT TO LISTEN IN ON MESSAGES FROM SPACE WITH AN 85-FOOT PARABOLIC RADIO TELESCOPE--CALLED **PROJECT OZMA**..

BY 2060 AN IMPROVED VERSION OF THE RADIO TELESCOPE HAD BEEN SET UP ON THE PLANET **MARS**, CONSTANTLY SCANNING THE SKY WITH ITS EVER-ALERT ANTENNAE..

THEN IN 2160 THE FIRST MESSAGE WAS RECEIVED FROM INTERSTELLAR SPACE, FROM SIRIUS, BRIGHTEST STAR IN THE BIG DOG CONSTELLATION...

THANKS TO THE METAL TABLET OF **KARRAS**, WE CAN UNDERSTAND THE CODE SIGNALS THEY RE SENDING OUT!

JUST AS THE **ROSETTA STONE** ENABLED US TO UNDERSTAND EGYPTIAN BECAUSE WE UNDERSTOOD THE GREEK TRANSLATION WHICH WAS ALSO ON IT, SO THE METAL TABLET OF **KARRAS** PERMITS US TO TRANSLATE SEVERAL ALIEN STAR LANGUAGES!

THIS MESSAGE IS A SORT OF **SOS!** IT READS "DESPERATE EMERGENCY ON **KALMORAL!** ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED! PLEASE SEND HELP!" THE ONLY TROUBLE IS IT COMES FROM **SIRIUS**, ALMOST 9 LIGHT YEARS AWAY--ABOUT 50 TRILLION MILES! WHATEVER DANGER MENACED THOSE PEOPLE HAPPENED TO THEM TO THEM--9 YEARS AGO!

FEVERISH EXCITEMENT SWEEPS THE SOLAR SYSTEM AT THIS CONTACT WITH ANOTHER RACE OF INTELLIGENT BEINGS! **AS A RESULT...**

WE'VE DECIDED TO OFFER A REWARD TO THE FIRST ONE WHO FINDS OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO **KALMORAL**--FOURTH PLANET OF **SIRIUS**!

THANKS, SIR. I'VE GOT THE STORY DOWN ON MY NUCLEAR JOT-PAD!

IN ANSWER TO THE REWARD OFFER--PLAYBOY RICK PURVIS--GLAMOR QUEEN KAREL SORENSEN--AND NOVELIST HOMER GLINT--MEET ONCE MORE ON THE LANDING STRIPS ON INTER-SOLAR SPACEPORT*...

*EDITOR'S NOTE: THESE CHARACTERS FIRST APPEARED IN "WHO CAUGHT THE LOBORILLA?"--IN **MYSTERY IN SPACE** #66!

I'M OUT TO BEAT YOU BOTH!

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN LAST TIME, RICK!

WE **ALL** WILL!

INTERSOLAR SPAC

IN SWIFT DIMENSICRAFT, THE TRIO SPEEDS STARWARD ALONG MAGNI-WARP WAVES WHICH ENABLE THEM TO TRAVEL 9 LIGHT YEARS IN A WEEK...

WE'LL SPLIT UP AND MAKE OUR OWN INDEPENDENT SEARCHES, AS WE DID LAST TIME!

SOMETIME LATER, ON THE PLANET **KALMORAL**, WHEN THE THREE ADVENTURES MEET TO MAKE THEIR REPORTS TO ONE ANOTHER...

CONGRATULATE ME! I'VE SOLVED THE PROBLEM!

WITHOUT HEARING YOUR SOLUTION, RICK--I CAN TELL YOU IT'S **WRONG!** I HAVE THE ANSWER TO WHAT HAPPENED TO **KALMORAL!**

YOU'RE **BOTH** WRONG--AS USUAL! ONLY **I** KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT **KALMORAL!**

YOU TELL YOUR STORY FIRST, RICK! THEN I'LL TEAR IT TO PIECES--

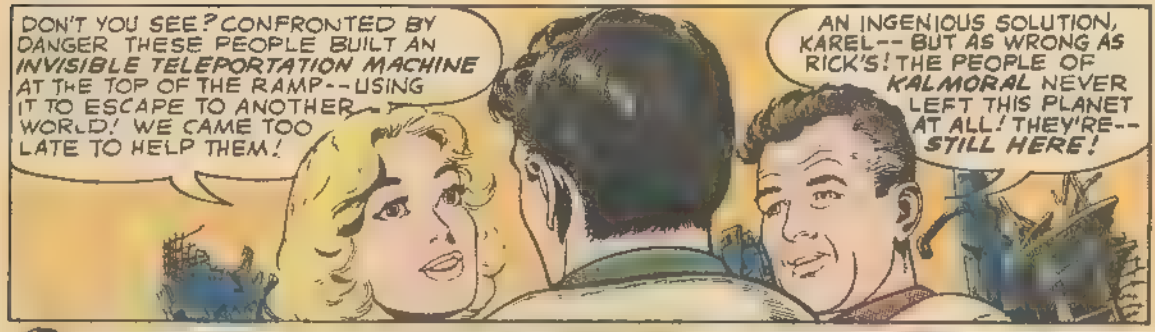
WELL, I FIGURED THE OBVIOUS PLACE TO GO FOR THE SOLUTION WAS THE DEVICE WHOSE CODE SIGNALS BROUGHT US HERE--THE **TELISENDER!**

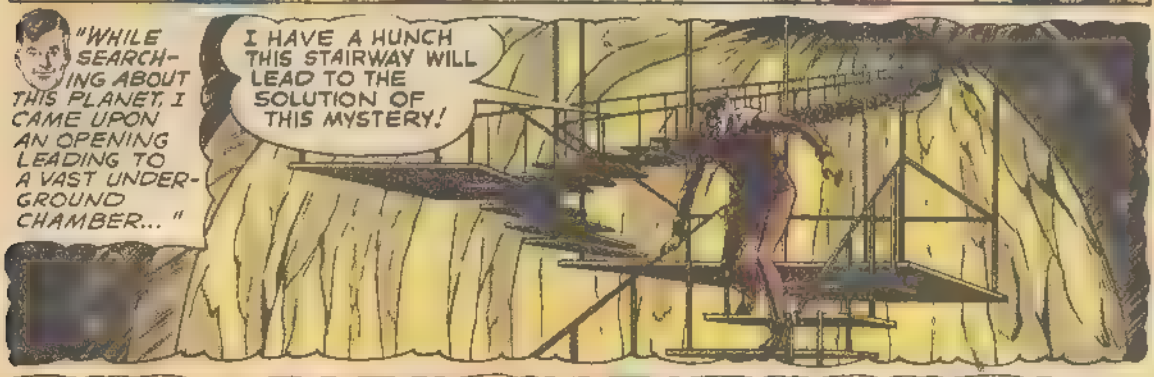
"EQUIPPED WITH MY "AGE-TESTER," I SEARCHED THE RUINS OF **KALMORAL** UNTIL I FOUND IT..."

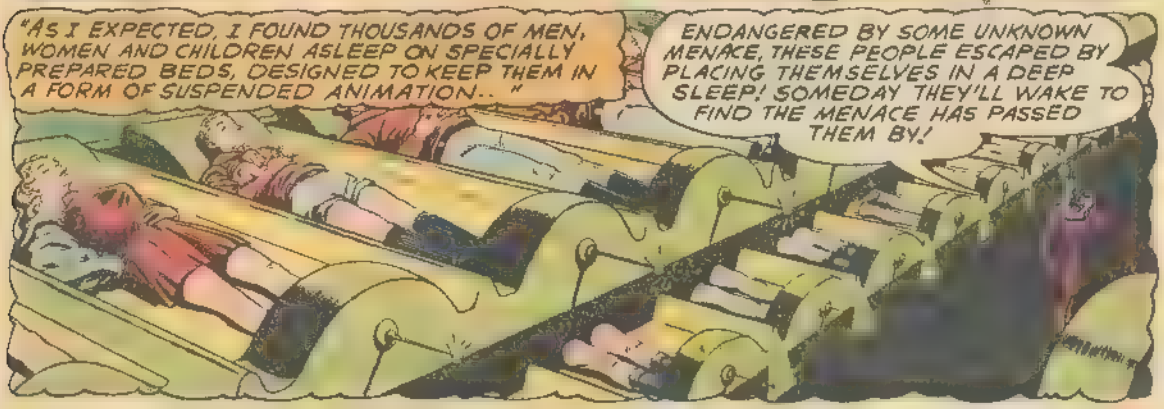
THIS CITY IS MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD! I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF--AH, THERE'S THE **TELISENDER!**

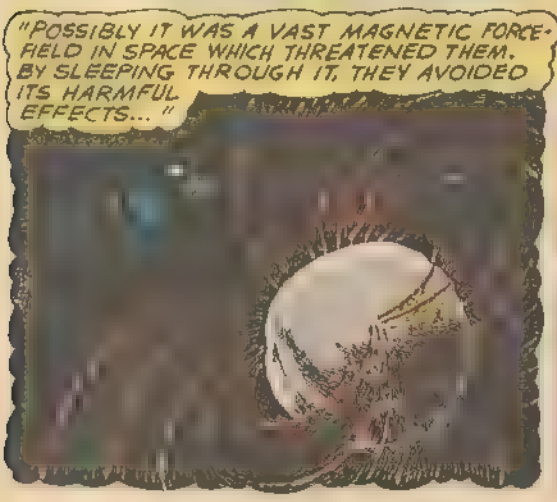
CLICK-CLICK!

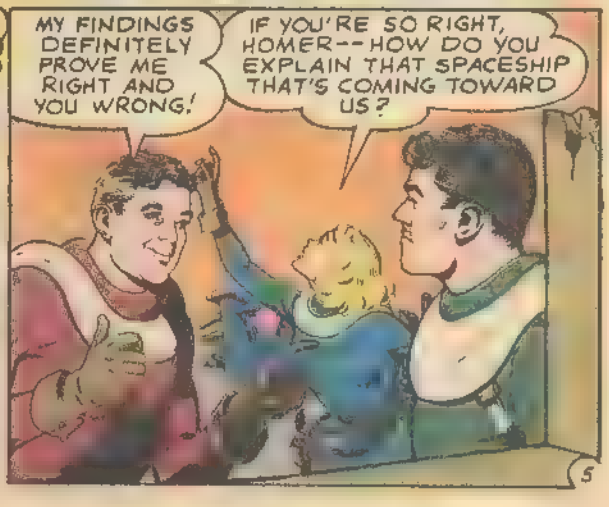
"A TEST OF THE TELISENDER WHICH WAS CONSTANTLY EMITTING THE CALL FOR HELP PRODUCED A STARTLING RESULT..."
WHY, THIS DEVICE IS AS OLD AS THE CITY! THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE ANSWER! THE CATASTROPHE WHICH OVERTOOK THESE PEOPLE ACTUALLY OCCURRED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO!
"THE CATASTROPHE ITSELF, JUDGING BY THE EVIDENCES OF NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS IN THE RUINED CITY WAS A GREAT BATTLE, PROBABLY AGAINST INVADERS FROM SPACE.."
R CK YOUR SOLUTION IS 100% -- WRONG!
OH, YEAH? I'LL STICK TO MY SOLUTION -- TILL I HEAR YOURS, KAREL!
GO AHEAD, KAREL! PROVE HIM WRONG!
"AS I CIRCLED KALMORAL, MY ATTENTION WAS DRAWN TO AN ODD, SPIRAL RAMP WHICH LED UPWARD INTO THE AIR -- AND ABRUPTLY ENDED."
WHY IN STAR-SPACE WOULD ANYONE BUILD A RAMP LIKE THAT?! I'LL TAKE SNAP-SHOTS OF IT! HMMM, IT'S SO STEEP I BETTER TAKE ALONG A WALKING STICK TO HELP ME CLIMB IT...
"MOUNTING TO ITS TOP, I REACHED AROUND WITH MY WALKING STICK..."
THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING BEYOND IT...
"TO MY UTTER AMAZEMENT, MY CANE SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED.."
OHH! WHY, THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING! NOW I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED ON KALMORAL!

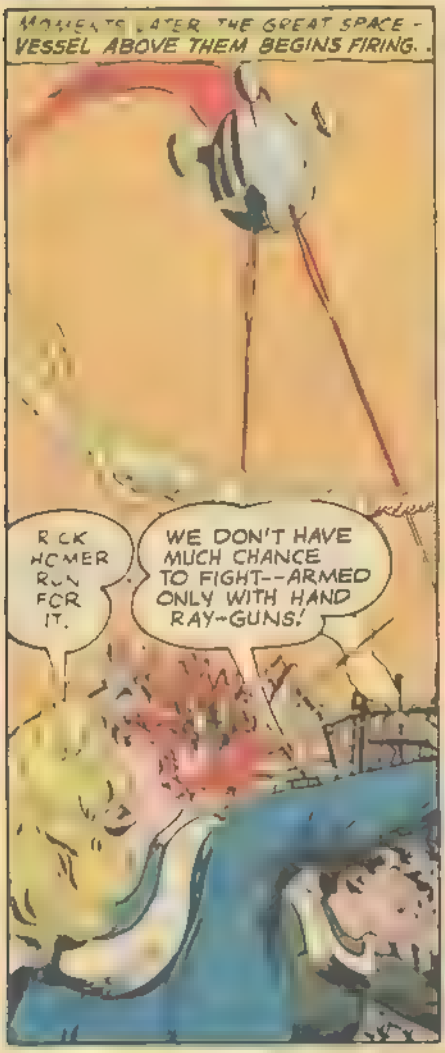

DON'T YOU SEE? CONFRONTED BY DANGER THESE PEOPLE BUILT AN INVISIBLE TELEPORTATION MACHINE AT THE TOP OF THE RAMP--USING IT TO ESCAPE TO ANOTHER WORLD! WE CAME TOO LATE TO HELP THEM!
AN INGENIOUS SOLUTION, KAREL--BUT AS WRONG AS RICK'S! THE PEOPLE OF KALMORAL NEVER LEFT THIS PLANET AT ALL! THEY'RE--STILL HERE!

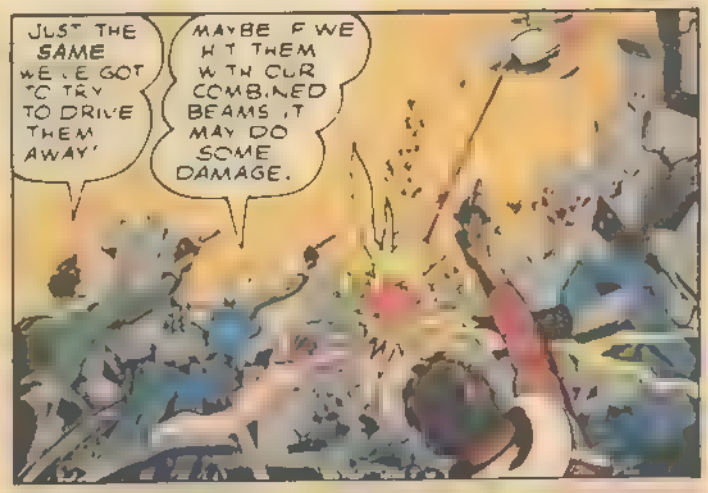

"WHILE SEARCHING ABOUT THIS PLANET, I CAME UPON AN OPENING LEADING TO A VAST UNDERGROUND CHAMBER..."
I HAVE A HUNCH THIS STAIRWAY WILL LEAD TO THE SOLUTION OF THIS MYSTERY!

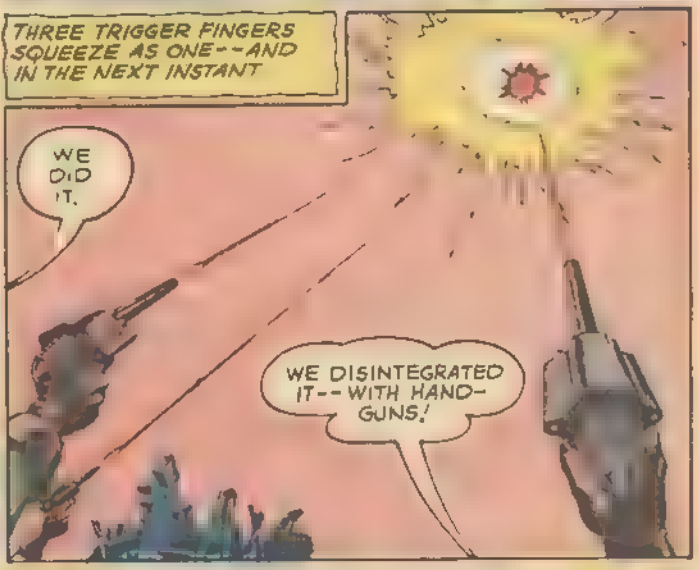

"AS I EXPECTED, I FOUND THOUSANDS OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ASLEEP ON SPECIALLY PREPARED BEDS, DESIGNED TO KEEP THEM IN A FORM OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.."
ENDANGERED BY SOME UNKNOWN MENACE, THESE PEOPLE ESCAPED BY PLACING THEMSELVES IN A DEEP SLEEP! SOMEDAY THEY'LL WAKE TO FIND THE MENACE HAS PASSED THEM BY!

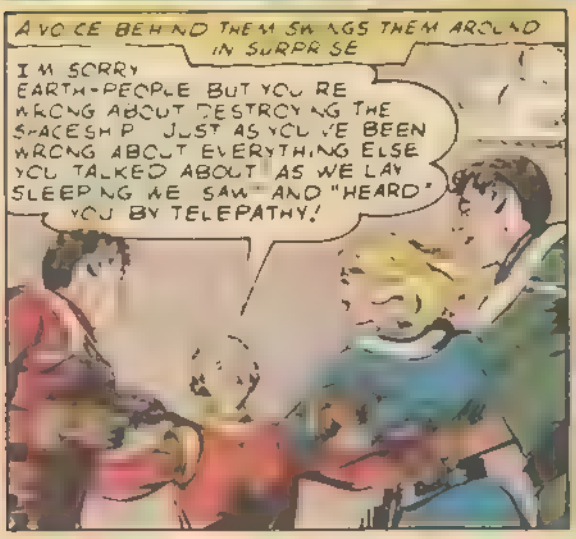

"POSSIBLY IT WAS A VAST MAGNETIC FORCE-FIELD IN SPACE WHICH THREATENED THEM. BY SLEEPING THROUGH IT, THEY AVOIDED ITS HARMFUL EFFECTS..."

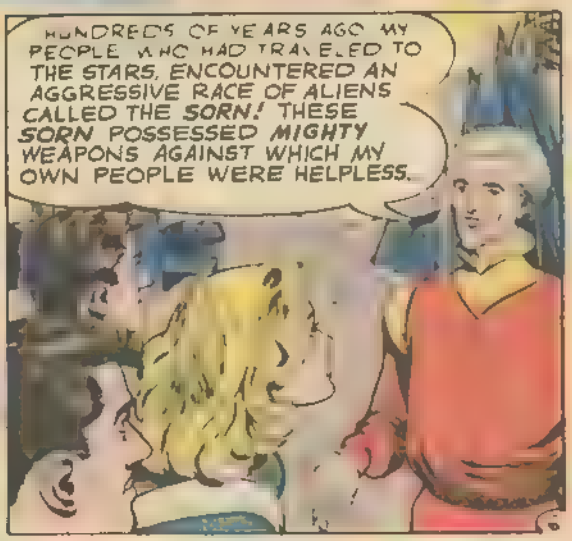

MY FINDINGS DEFINITELY PROVE ME RIGHT AND YOU WRONG!
IF YOU'RE SO RIGHT, HOMER--HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT SPACESHIP THAT'S COMING TOWARD US?

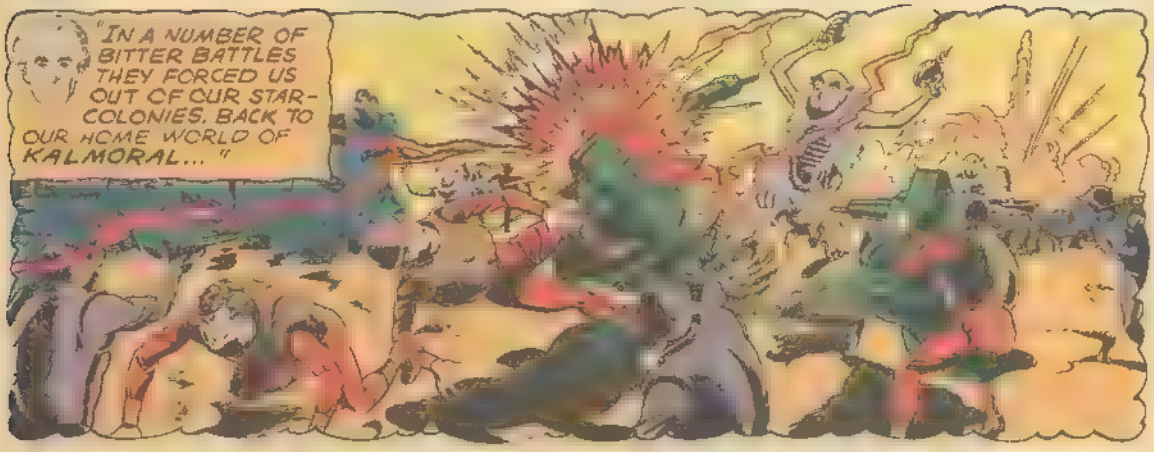

MOMENTS LATER THE GREAT SPACE-VESSEL ABOVE THEM BEGINS FIRING.
ROCK HOMER RUN FOR IT.
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHANCE TO FIGHT--ARMED ONLY WITH HAND RAY-GUNS!

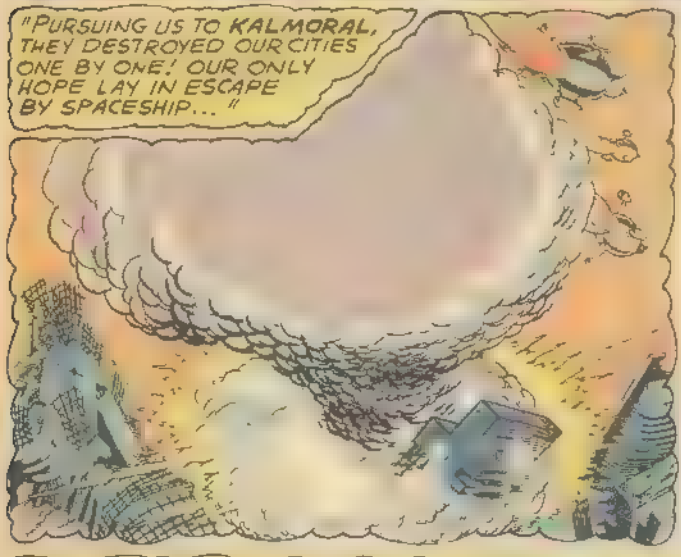

JUST THE SAME WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO DRIVE THEM AWAY!
MAYBE IF WE HIT THEM WITH OUR COMBINED BEAMS IT MAY DO SOME DAMAGE.

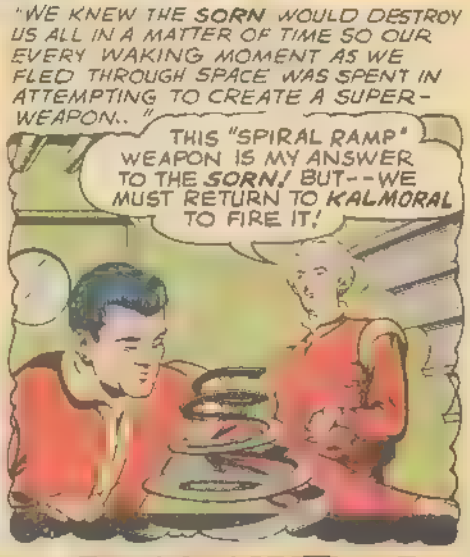

THREE TRIGGER FINGERS SQUEEZE AS ONE--AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT
WE DID IT.
WE DISINTEGRATED IT--WITH HAND-GUNS!

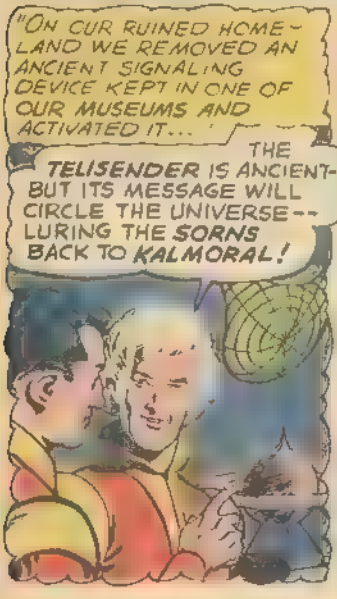

A VOICE BEHIND THEM STARTLES THEM AROUND IN SURPRISE
I'M SORRY EARTH-PEOPLE BUT YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT DESTROYING THE SPACESHIP JUST AS YOU'VE BEEN WRONG ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE YOU TALKED ABOUT AS WE LAY SLEEPING WE SAW AND "HEARD" YOU BY TELEPATHY!

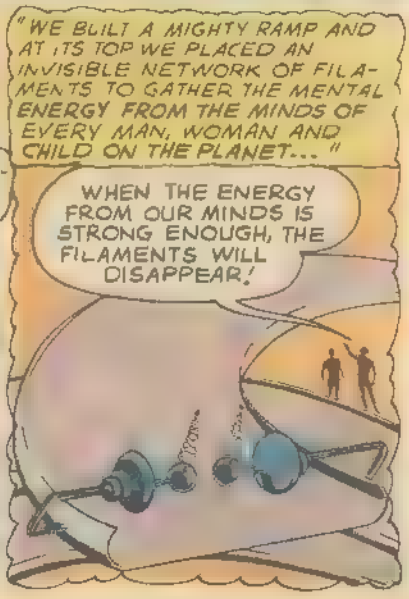

HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO MY PEOPLE WHO HAD TRAVELED TO THE STARS, ENCOUNTERED AN AGGRESSIVE RACE OF ALIENS CALLED THE SORN! THESE SORN POSSESSED MIGHTY WEAPONS AGAINST WHICH MY OWN PEOPLE WERE HELPLESS.


"IN A NUMBER OF BITTER BATTLES THEY FORCED US OUT OF OUR STAR-COLONIES. BACK TO OUR HOME WORLD OF KALMORAL..."

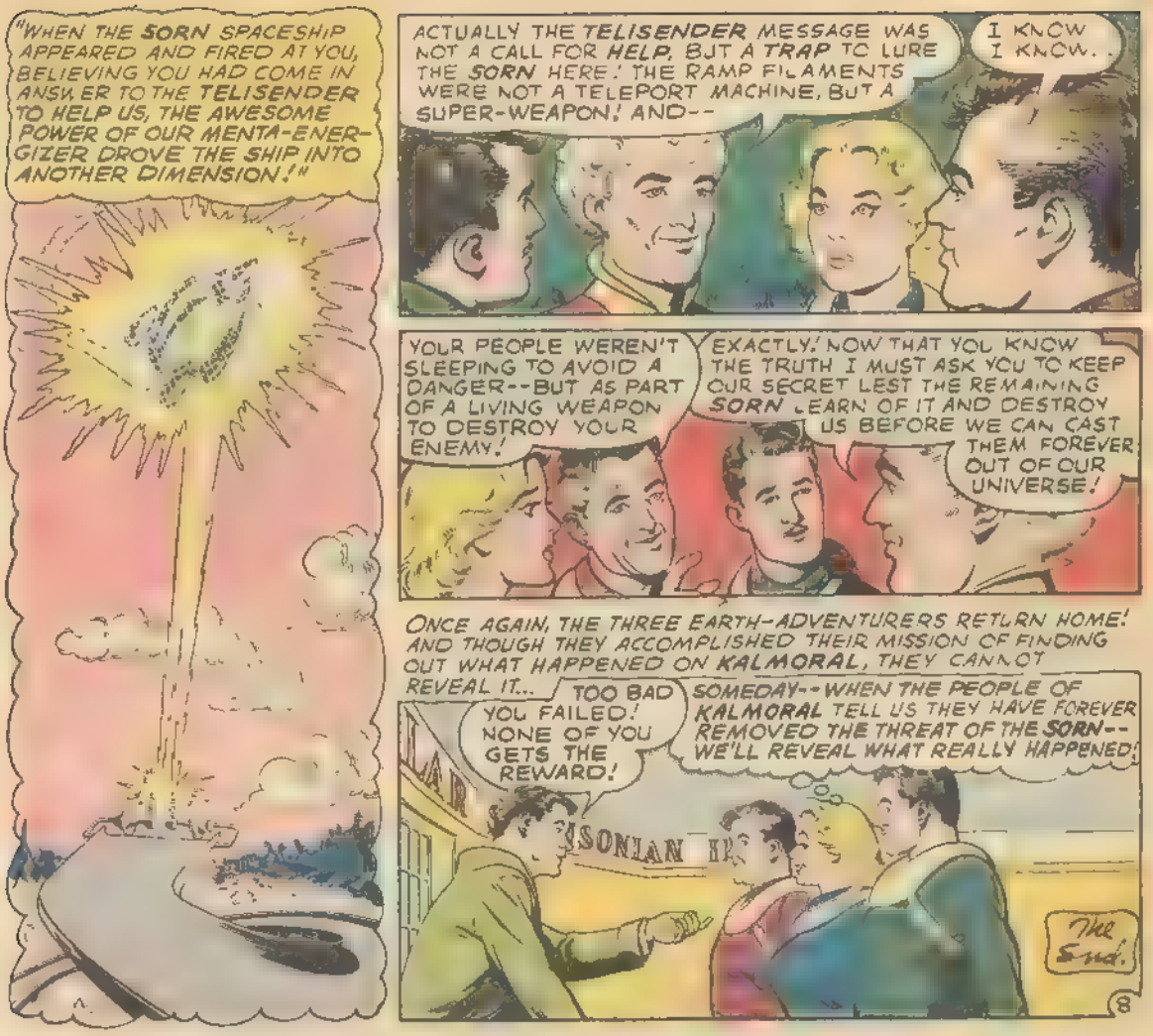

"PURSUING US TO KALMORAL, THEY DESTROYED OUR CITIES ONE BY ONE! OUR ONLY HOPE LAY IN ESCAPE BY SPACESHIP..."


"WE KNEW THE SORN WOULD DESTROY US ALL IN A MATTER OF TIME SO OUR EVERY WAKING MOMENT AS WE FLED THROUGH SPACE WAS SPENT IN ATTEMPTING TO CREATE A SUPER-WEAPON.."
THIS "SPIRAL RAMP" WEAPON IS MY ANSWER TO THE SORN! BUT--WE MUST RETURN TO KALMORAL TO FIRE IT!


"ON OUR RUINED HOME-LAND WE REMOVED AN ANCIENT SIGNALING DEVICE KEPT IN ONE OF OUR MUSEUMS AND ACTIVATED IT...
THE TELISENDER IS ANCIENT--BUT ITS MESSAGE WILL CIRCLE THE UNIVERSE--LURING THE SORNS BACK TO KALMORAL!


"WE BUILT A MIGHTY RAMP AND AT ITS TOP WE PLACED AN INVISIBLE NETWORK OF FILAMENTS TO GATHER THE MENTAL ENERGY FROM THE MINDS OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD ON THE PLANET..."
WHEN THE ENERGY FROM OUR MINDS IS STRONG ENOUGH, THE FILAMENTS WILL DISAPPEAR!

"THE PEOPLE OF KALMORAL THEN LAY IN A COMATOSE STATE, ALWAYS CONCENTRATING OUR MENTAL ENERGIES."


"WHEN THE SORN SPACESHIP APPEARED AND FIRED AT YOU, BELIEVING YOU HAD COME IN ANSWER TO THE TELISENDER TO HELP US, THE AWESOME POWER OF OUR MENTA-ENERGIZER DROVE THE SHIP INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION!"
ACTUALLY THE TELISENDER MESSAGE WAS NOT A CALL FOR HELP, BUT A TRAP TO LURE THE SORN HERE! THE RAMP FILAMENTS WERE NOT A TELEPORT MACHINE, BUT A SUPER-WEAPON! AND--
I KNOW I KNOW..
YOUR PEOPLE WEREN'T SLEEPING TO AVOID A DANGER--BUT AS PART OF A LIVING WEAPON TO DESTROY YOUR ENEMY!
EXACTLY! NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE TRUTH I MUST ASK YOU TO KEEP OUR SECRET LEST THE REMAINING SORN LEARN OF IT AND DESTROY US BEFORE WE CAN CAST THEM FOREVER OUT OF OUR UNIVERSE!
ONCE AGAIN, THE THREE EARTH-ADVENTURERS RETURN HOME! AND THOUGH THEY ACCOMPLISHED THEIR MISSION OF FINDING OUT WHAT HAPPENED ON KALMORAL, THEY CANNOT REVEAL IT...
TOO BAD YOU FAILED! NONE OF YOU GETS THE REWARD!
SOMEDAY--WHEN THE PEOPLE OF KALMORAL TELL US THEY HAVE FOREVER REMOVED THE THREAT OF THE SORN--WE'LL REVEAL WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!
The End
8

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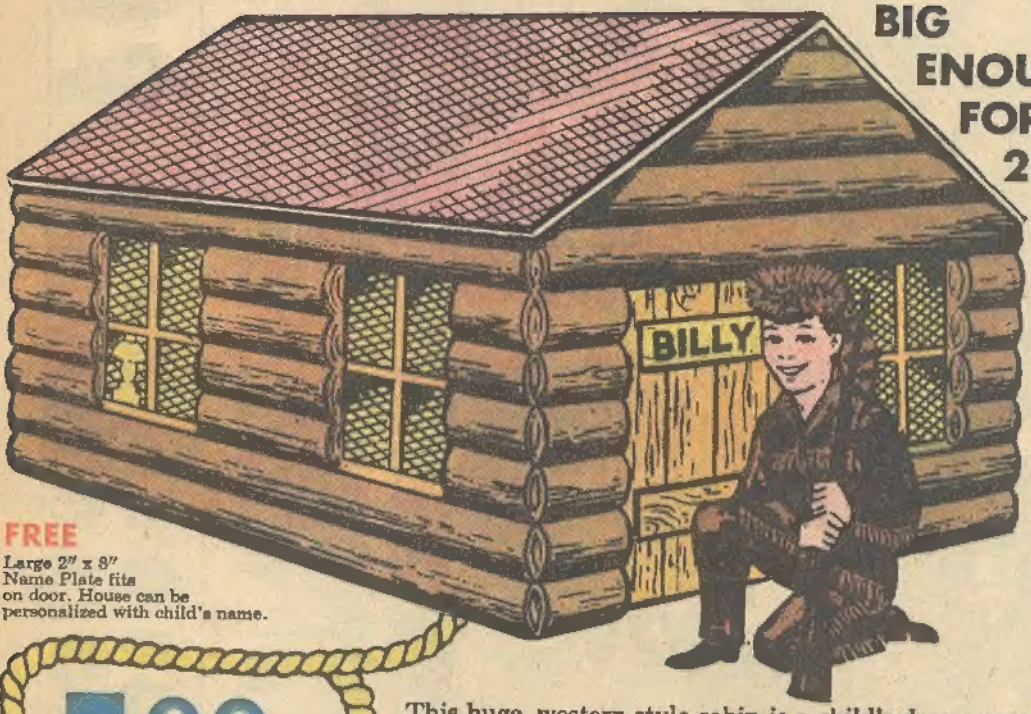

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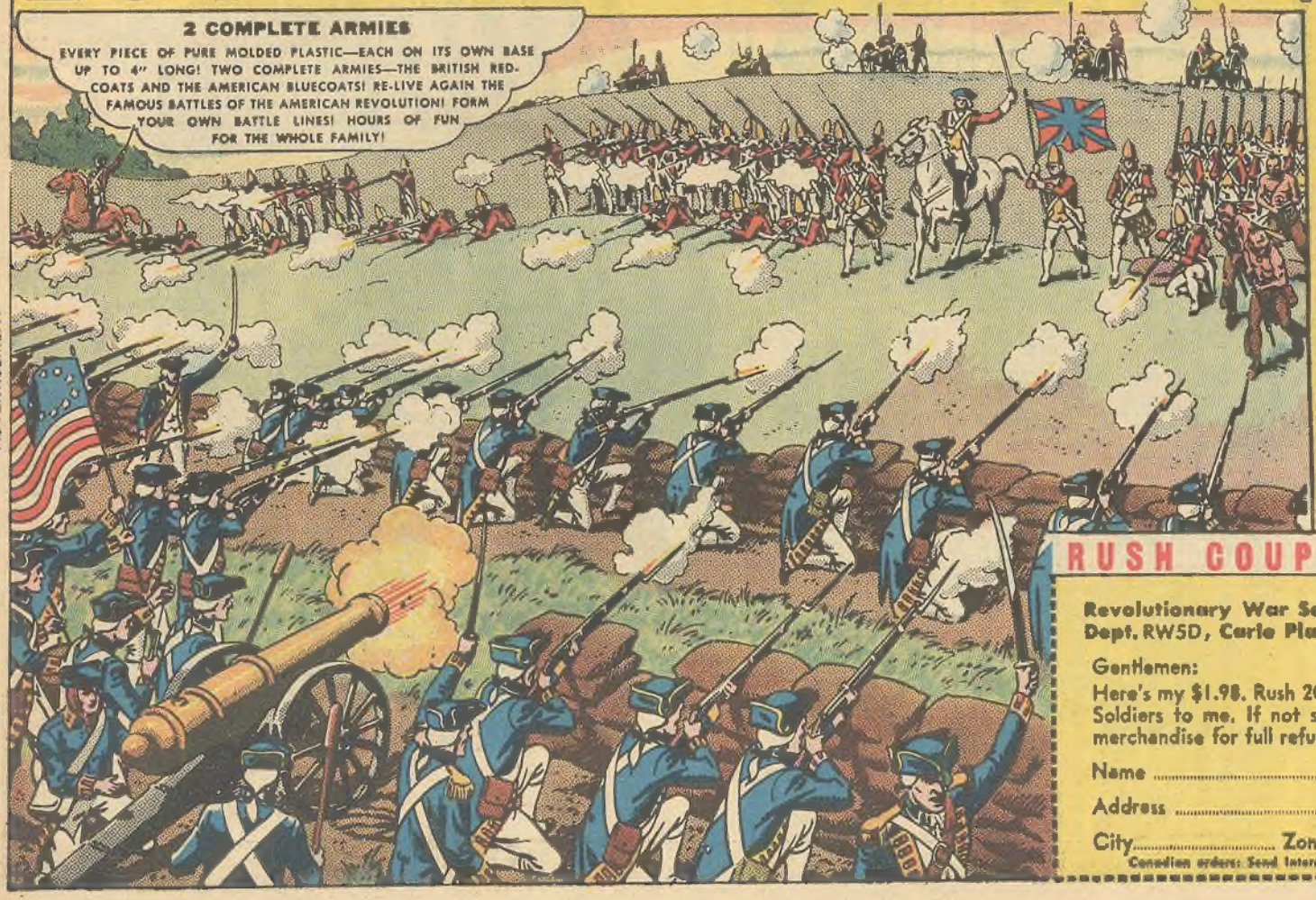

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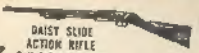
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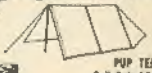
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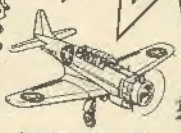
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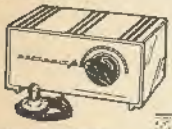
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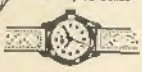
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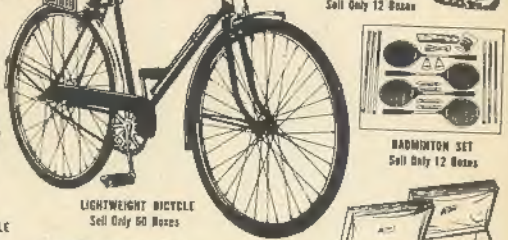
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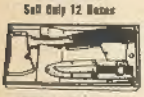
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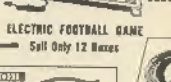
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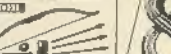
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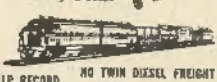
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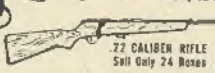
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JOIN THE ORIGINAL J.S.C.A. GET YOUR PRIZES THIS FAST, EASY WAY!

It's easy to earn these valuable prizes when you become a member of Junior Sales Club. Cards are sent to you on credit. YOU DO NOT PAY IN ADVANCE! Selling these lovely All Occasion Cards or sensational new Christmas Cards is amazingly easy because they would cost much more if sold individually in a store. You sell each box of 21 beautiful cards for the low price of only $1.25. All your friends, relatives and neighbors will be delighted with such fine cards at such a reasonable price. Many members have earned a prize in only a few hours. IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY KEEP AS YOUR PRIZE, 50¢ FOR EACH BOX YOU SELL. The first thing to do is pick out the prize you want. Then simply fill out the coupon with your name and address and mail it in. We will immediately send you 12 boxes of cards. (If prize requires more than 12 boxes, start off with 12 boxes.) We send your cards on credit because we trust you. You have 30 days to sell your cards. All we ask is that you return prepaid by Parcel Post any boxes you cannot sell within 30 days, keeping 50¢ for each box you do sell. That's all there is to it! The J.S.C.A. Club Plan is quick and easy!

MAIL YOUR COUPON NOW!

NO MONEY TO SEND . . . NO MONEY TO SPEND

Junior Sales Club of America

SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

You Can Get This

OFFICIAL

J.S.C.A.

BADGE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA
SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS. **DEPT. NC-6**

Enroll me as a member of the J.S.C.A. and send me AT ONCE FREE Membership Card, FREE Prize Catalog, complete details on how to get valuable prizes plus a supply of 12 boxes to sell as checked below:

☐ ALL OCCASION CARDS ☐ CHRISTMAS CARDS

You must indicate whether you want Christmas or All Occasion Cards. We CANNOT send part Christmas and part All Occasion.

NAME _____ AGE _____
Print Clearly

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

PARENT'S SIGNATURE _____

WIN A "DIAMOND HUNTING" TRIP

and a

$500 BOND!

PLUS A $2,500

DIAMOND RING ...for MOM!

Plus A $1,000 Value

FISHIN' TRIP and A HEDDON'S TACKLE SET..for DAD!

Exciting News!

Enter this new Contest—easy fun for you, Dad, Mom! Complete the sentence, "A Daisy B•B Gun is the best first training gun because . . ." in 25 words or less. If you win the Grand Prize you get: a trip to dig for real diamonds; a $500 U. S. Savings Bond; a $2,500 value diamond ring for Mom; a $1,000 value Heddon's tackle outfit and fishing trip for Dad! **Plus a free trip for Mom, Dad to go with you to Crater of Diamonds, Murfreesboro, Arkansas!!** Contest starts May 1, ends Aug. 1, 1961. Remember, Parents can help you win! Get Rules, Entry Blank **now at Hardware, Sports or Department Stores.**

75 B•B GUNS GIVEN!

If you don't win the Grand Prize listed above, you can still win one of these 75 Daisy B•B Gun Prizes: 15 Target Specials, 15 Pump Guns, 15 Ricochet Sound Rifles, 15 Anniversary Gun Sets, 15 B•B Six Guns! Tell Dad and Mom they can help you win. Mail coupon!

Enter

DAISY'S 75th DIAMOND BIRTHDAY CONTEST

Model 25 Pump Gun $9.95

or Send for Free Contest Folder with

ENTRY BLANK

MAIL NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. B-161, ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U. S. A.

Send Contest Entry Blank, Rules, Daisy B-B Gun Catalog.

Name_____

St. & No._____

City_____

Zone_____ State_____

Age on May 1: _____ ☐ Boy ☐ Girl

It's A

DAISY

B•B GUNS and B•B SHOT

OTHER DAISYS FROM $5.95

DAISY GIVES YOU MORE B•Bs FOR YOUR MONEY

...ASK DAD...HE HAD ONE!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

DEPT. B-161, ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.

Prices Higher in Canada; prices subject to change without notice.